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THE PICKET OF THE TENTH INDIANA REGIMENT DISCOVERING THE APPROACH OF THE REBELS AT MILL SPRING, KENTUCKY.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

SKATING ON THE PARK.

RUSHING into 'busses,
  Crushing into cars,
Pushing over ice-packs,
  Like a pack of bears;
Crinoline on "rockers,"
  Balmorals on a "lark"—
Bless me! this is pleasant,
  Skating on the Park!

Crowds of cozy Bloomers
  Gyrate with a grace;
Crowds of "boozy" meerschaums
  Puff them to their face:
Floods of rosy people,
  'Nough to fill an ark—
Janus! this is jolly,
  Skating on the Park!

Shoals of scaly small-fry
  Crack their jokes and pates;
Schools of "amphibilia"
  Flounder *flat* on skates;
Pedagraphic "masters,"
  Bound to "make their mark,
Jot down their disasters,
  Short-hand, on the Park.

Now you "cut" an "eagle,"
  Now you cut a "spread;"
Now you backward wriggle,
  Now you "crack a head;"
Now you're "up" to Mercury,
  Now you zero mark—
Jehu! ain't it jolly,
  Gymning on the Park?

"Cup of coffee, Mister?"
  "Mister, take a skate?"
"Ha! my pretty sister!"
  "Ho! my cousin Kate!"
Off she shoots, the rocket!
  Off fly I, the "spark!"
Smack! was *that* a pocket-
  Paixhan on the Park?

"Venus! what an ankle!"
  "Phœbus! what a 'cloud!'"
"How my fingers tingle!"
  "Smoking's not allow'd!"
"Heigh! you 'cloud compelling-
  (Mind whose shins you bark!)
Jove'-ial, happy fellow!"
  "*This* the ladies' Park?"

Jaunty little "jockey"
  (*Once* it "struck you" dumb!)
Takes your chair, and (cracky!)
  Chair 't 'gins to *hum!*
Like a top you're whirling—
  Seal'd lips do their work;
And so you win your darling,
  Skating on the Park.

Floating is't, or flying?
  Is't blue sky we're cleaving?
Are we of hasheesh dying?
  Are these "stars" of heaven?
What beauty fills the vision?
  What angel voices?—Hark!
Are these "Fields" Elysian?
  Is this Central Park?

"What a charbig boodlight!"
  "Calcinb, Bister Gradt."
"Takidg cold?" "Well, *good*-dight!"
  "By! they're goidg do dadce!"
"What! dot so sood goidg?"
  "Take sobe wide add *bark*."
Ball's *down* for o'erflowing,
  "Jig's *up*" on the Park.

THE UNION VICTORY AT SOMERSET, KENTUCKY.

FULL details have been received of the BATTLE OF SOMERSET, Kentucky. By the strategy of GENERAL BUELL, ZOLLICOFFER's army was surrounded by the divisions of Generals THOMAS and SCHOEPFF; perceiving which, Zollicoffer made a desperate attack upon the Union camp on Sunday morning, January 19. His force was 10,000 strong, and that of the Union army consisted of five regiments—the Tenth Indiana, the Ninth Ohio, the Second Minnesota, the Fourth Kentucky, and the First Tennessee, the last-named not being engaged in the thickest of the fight. The battle began at four o'clock A.M., and lasted all day. GENERAL ZOLLICOFFER was killed by COLONEL FRY, of Kentucky, and his body found in a wagon. The rebels retreated, and were followed to their intrenchments, which they abandoned during the night. We give, on the preceding page, a picture of the picket of the Tenth Indiana Regiment discovering the approach of the rebels; on pages 88 and 89 a spirited engraving of the battle; and on pages 86 and 87 Maps showing the scene of the conflict.

The Union loss is 39 killed, 127 wounded; that of the rebels is 115 killed, 116 wounded, and 45 taken prisoners. Ten cannon with their ammunition, 10[illegible] four-horse wagons, 1200 horses and mules, and several boxes of small-arms were captured by our forces. The rebels crossed the Cumberland River at Oak Springs, and dispersed in every direction. Our forces have also crossed in pursuit, General Thomas having secured the steamboat and barges used by the rebels. General Thomas has not been heard from since he crossed the river, but he will probably occupy Monticello, which the rebels have deserted. The rebel rout was complete, but the Southern papers profess to doubt the news of the affair. Our new Secretary of War has issued the following stirring General Order in relation to this affair:

WAR DEPARTMENT, *January* 22, 1862.

The President, Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, has received information of a brilliant victory achieved by the United States forces over a large body of armed traitors and rebels, at Mill Spring, in the State of Kentucky. He returns thanks to the gallant officers and soldiers who won that victory; and when the official reports shall be received, the military skill and personal valor displayed in battle will be acknowledged and rewarded in a fitting manner. The courage that encountered and vanquished the greatly superior numbers of the rebel force, pursued and attacked them in their intrenchments, and paused not until the enemy was completely routed, merits and receives commendation. The purpose of this war is to pursue and destroy a rebellious enemy, and to deliver the country from danger. Menaced by traitors, alacrity, daring, courageous spirit, and patriotic zeal, on all occasions and under every circumstance, are expected from the army of the United States. In the prompt and spirited movements and daring at the battle of Mill Spring the nation will realize its hopes; and the people of the United States will rejoice to honor every soldier and officer who proves his courage by charging with the bayonet, and storming intrenchments, or in the blaze of the enemy's fire. By order of the President.

EDWIN M. STANTON, *Secretary of War*.

SCENES AT FORT PICKENS.

WE give on page 85 sketches of the two BOMBARDMENTS OF FORT PICKENS, furnished by our special artist. The first of these bombardments began on the 22d of November. A heavy firing was kept up, with little damage, only one man in the fort being killed. But two days after, some men were handling a shell which had been thrown from the rebel batteries without exploding. While they were endeavoring to withdraw the fuse the shell exploded, killing six and wounding several others. Our artist has depicted this scene. The second engagement between Fort Pickens and the rebel batteries opposite took place on New-Year's Day, 1862. Colonel Brown, commanding at Fort Pickens, provoked by the conduct of the rebels at Pensacola in firing upon our small craft, opened fire upon them. This was returned. During the day the Navy-yard at Warrington was set on fire by our shells. Our artist has furnished a view of the conflagration, as it appeared from the fort. He also gives us views of the Fort and its surroundings just before and during the last bombardment.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1862.

THE UNION VICTORY IN KENTUCKY.

BEFORE this time our readers will have fully informed themselves in regard to the recent Union victory at Somerset, Kentucky. The plan, the manner, and the results of that brilliant achievement are already familiar. The stirring General Order of the new Secretary of War, and the no less stirring chronicles of the newspaper reports, have allotted to the officers and privates of the Union regiments engaged in the battle their due meed of praise. The advantages which this victory gives us in clearing East Kentucky of rebel armies, and opening the way to the capture of Bowling Green and an immediate advance into Tennessee are evident. It remains only for us to consider the direct and indirect effects of our triumph upon the people of the rebel States.

We have thus far carefully refrained from expressing any over-sanguine hopes of the speedy issue of the war. So complex are the questions involved, so nice is the discrimination required, and so many are the haps and chances in the subjection of this rebellion, that one who sets times and circumstances for the end of the war, runs great risk of having his predictions falsified by occurrences the most singular and unexpected. Still, if we may trust at all to the signs of the times, this victory at Somerset inaugurates the close of the rebellion, and may be not inappropriately termed "the beginning of the end." And we suppose it to be so, not from any knowledge of General M'Clellan's plans and the influence this battle may exert upon them, but for reasons more within our province—and, we think, quite as satisfactory.

In the first place, then, whatever may be the strategical value of our victory, it certainly begins a more active and decisive period of the campaign. The rebels attacked us, for almost the first time, at Somerset; and so determined are they to hold the fertile though bloody fields of Kentucky that they will again attack us if we wait for them. So, *nolens volens*, we must fight; for treason draws a great deal of its sustenance from Kentucky and Tennessee, and will not readily surrender these States. The rebels are in too great straits even to admit of delay. In the Border States are their greatest forces and their greatest moral strength. Conquer the Border States, and the rebellion is mortally wounded. Our generals know this. The rebel generals know this. With enemies thus well informed, and with both hostile armies so well prepared, neither party has the power to avoid conflicts except by an absolute surrender of all that is worth fighting for. Therefore, as neither the Union nor the rebel armies can afford to delay action, we think that more hard fighting will immediately ensue in Kentucky; and we believe that fair, hard fighting will soon end this rebellion.

But the moral aspect of this victory upon the South is disastrous to the rebel cause. Lately there has been a great deal of discontent and complaining among the rebels, and it is very easy to see the uprising of a genuine Union sentiment among the more honest of the traitors. There seems to have been a growing conviction recently that we are too strong for them, and that, after all, they had gained nothing by rebelling against a Government which they themselves had framed, and against laws which they themselves had made, only to live under a Government and laws which are oppressive, unjust, and unpopular, and which, indeed, they had no hand nor voice in forming. We look to this Somerset victory to strengthen and deepen this conviction, and give it efficacy and direction. The very fact that, at first, the rebel journals unanimously affect to disbelieve the news of the victory, will only make its effect the greater when further skepticism is useless and impossible; as disappointment is always most painful when hope has been most high.

From a variety of sources of information, and from our own personal knowledge, we are led to believe that the strength of this rebellion lies in its misrepresentations. The people of the South are told that New York is as desolate as New Orleans; that our army is as ill-equipped and provided as their own; that our Government is as tyrannical, unjust, and badly conducted as that of Jeff Davis: in short, that we at the North are suffering quite as much as they are, and that really the only question is one of endurance. The Southern people would be more than mortals, or less than Americans, if they did not endure as long as possible while they hold this belief. But let them be once fully undeceived, and clearly shown their own weakness compared with our strength, and, through the natural stages of despondency, despair, desperation, and fury against their miserable, traitorous deluders, the Southern people will be rid forever of this fever of rebellion.

The Kentucky victory and those which will follow it will accomplish this undeception. It will be impossible to conceal Zollicoffer's death, impossible to conceal the rout of his army, impossible to conceal the inevitable results of our victory from the Southern masses; and when once our strength and our policy are understood rebellion will hesitate—totter—fall!

THE LOUNGER.

WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

THE end of the rebellion is to be read, perhaps, more surely in the raving ferocity of the rebel speeches and papers than in any other way. The frantic devices to "nog" the jealousy and hatred of the rebel section toward the Government, so that it may remain as virulent as ever; the amusing pertinacity with which the Government of the United States is called "Lincoln," and loyal citizens "Lincolnites;" the utterly ludicrous statements like that of the excellent Mr. Maury to Admiral Fitzroy, that Wilson's Zouaves were furnished each man with a halter to hang the rebel he might capture to the nearest tree; or of the Memphis *Avalanche*, that Lincoln had emptied his penitentiaries over the border, and had given every criminal a torch to kindle a Confederate city; the hope expressed by the valuable and profound statesman, Foote, that "Lincoln and his infernal Cabinet may be brought to the scaffold for their atrocious offenses against the Constitution, which they have perjurously violated;" and the grave assertion that the war springs from the malignant jealousy of Freedom toward Slavery—all these signs point directly to that desperation which precedes defeat.

The desponding, querulous bitterness of the Richmond *Examiner*, in criticising the spectral Government of Jeff Davis, betrays the same aching and gnawing consciousness of impending disaster. If the blows that are now doubtless striking by the National troops are uniformly successful, the spirits of the rebels, now drooping, will be sadly damped.

And yet they will not "give it up so." A people, like a man, under the exasperation of mingled rage and defeat and disgrace, will do very wild and wanton things. If there be any considerable party of strong Union men at the South, the moment they reveal themselves they will be violently attacked by the ingrained Secessionists. The furious, daring, and reckless men of the rebel section will as willingly turn upon their fellow-citizens and recent half-sympathizers as upon the Lincolnites. As every man is, in their estimation, an Abolitionist who does not think chattel slavery the perfection of Christianity, so every man who, under any circumstances and for any reason, is for yielding to the power of the Government, will be denounced and hunted as a Lincolnite. There will be a fierce civil war among themselves; and while our army as it advances will extend the lines of peace, it can be only an armed peace, as it is in Maryland at this moment.

Victory is not Peace. For many a month yet the quiet of the rebel section can be maintained only by the military hand. The great army of the Union will be by no means immediately disbanded. Having suppressed rebellion, it will have to protect peace and loyalty. And only as the great root of rebellion is loosened and destroyed, and the Slavery for which the war is waged disappears, will the permanence of peace be secured. After the revelations of this rebellion, and in the circumstances of this time, whoever extenuates or defends Slavery—whatever may be his views of the true method of riddance—must be held at heart a traitor. Yes; and even if he abstractly thinks Slavery to be right, after this bloody evidence of its utter inconsonance with our government and the popular conviction, he can not labor for its protection or extension without condemnation as a dangerously impracticable visionary. So long as he talks only, he will be pitied and contemned. Should he try overtly to help Slavery, he will be an open traitor.

WORK AND WAGES.

THE immediate excitement about Mr. Morgan's purchases for the Government has passed; but the question remains, and it will, under other names, occur again.

One thing is pretty clear—if Mr. Morgan had not been related to the Secretary of the Navy we should have heard very little of the matter. And that shows conclusively how very difficult it is for a public officer to give public employment and emolument of the kind in question to a relative, without a suspicion of nepotism that can not fail to provoke sharp comment.

Another thing is equally clear—that a Government in need must ask itself, "How can I get this work done most economically?" That question was asked, and the Secretary answered it, and the result was that hundreds of thousands of dollars were saved to the treasury.

"Ah, but Mr. Morgan ought to have done it for nothing! The country was in peril, and he speculated in its necessities. It was not generous; it was not patriotic."

Perhaps not. But the Navy Department wanted vessels, and expected to pay for them. And it got the most faithful service, and made its bargains with economy. That its agent was paid, and largely, is true. But do Governments ever offer the consciousness of virtue as a commission? Would their work be well done, or timely done, if they did? Mr. Morgan might have done all the work, and have paid his own expenses. Granted. But was the Government to advertise for such a person if Mr. Morgan declined? That gentleman treated the whole affair as a business transaction, and dealt honorably by all parties, although profitably by himself. And it *was* a business transaction. If he chose to do it as such, and then add entire renunciation of the profits, it would have been an admirable thing. But that was an utterly different question. Every Government must expect to pay for work. Mr. Morgan did the work well, and was paid.

"Yes; but he was paid too much."

But the record shows that the Government unquestionably saved money through his services, and 2½ per cent. is not an enormous commission when it saves the employer thirty or fifty.

If the purchases and contracts of the War Department had been managed as those of the Navy Department through Mr. Morgan have been, Mr. Dawes could not have made so scathing a speech. Is it not worth while for the Government in future always to secure a man of honesty, loyalty, general ability, special skill and experience, and pay him well for his work, rather than to reject him because somebody ought to be found who may be equally qualified, and may be willing to take his pay in a salary or a groat rather than a percentage?

AN ADVANCE AT LAST.

WHILE there has been clamor enough for a forward movement, there has been one made, and one of great significance, and that is the advance of the lyceum lecturers upon Washington. In fact, some of these gentlemen read the accounts of the establishment of our army at Hilton Head and Beaufort and Ship Island, and of the sailing of Burnside's expedition, as if it were merely a movement of the van, while the major-generals and the staff and the lyceum will bring up the rear.

"In the name of good morals, sound learning, exact science, and the fine arts," exclaimed a lecturer, "haven't we been sufficiently proved? Have we not for fifteen resolute and heroic years lain in the cold bed, eaten the cold apple at night and the tough steak in the morning, drank the boot-heel coffee and the straw tea, and through slush and sleet and snow and slime patiently held our way, and shall there be no reward? After the vigil and the fasting shall there be no triumphant accolade of knighthood?

"Of course there shall be. Henceforth the lyceum lecturer, like the bobolink, shall wend his southward way as winter comes, and sit and sing upon the orange-bough and the February rose-tree. He shall put a girdle of summer round his year. In October he may begin in Boston; by November he will have left New England, and be heard twittering in Pennsylvania and Maryland. Christmas shall find him across the Potomac, and the exact and nimble reporters of the Richmond *Examiner* catching his notes as they fall. In January the sunny Carolinas shall ring with his trill—the dear sunny Carolinas that would now so gladly wring his neck. Florida and the Gulf shore shall break the heart of winter for him; and even in Mobile, in Natchez, and New Orleans shall his purling song be heard.

"The war has not yet lasted a year, and already an American citizen can say what he thinks in the capital of the country! It has not lasted a year, and already he can say in the shadow of Congress that he loves liberty and hates slavery! Who says we have had no victory? Who says there has been no advance? In the salons of the national metropolis it may not yet be fashionable, but it is tolerated, to think that a gentleman pays for the labor he employs, and does not sell the children of other people to pay his own debts. Hallelujah! And there are people who complain of inaction! Hallelujah! And there are said to be people who think that Liberty once having a fair hold of Washington is going to let go again! There were people who knew that Columbus could not make an egg stand on end. There were people who saw him trim his little sail away from Paloa, and they thought him a fool. They had nearly got through

saying, 'I told you so; gone to the bottom,' when he returned with a new continent. The descendants of those people shake their heads in the old way, and prattle the old twaddle, only they do it in newspapers now; and just as they are saying, 'Stuff! nonsense! It always was night, and it always will be'—pop! up comes the sun!"

"Possibly," answered I, as patiently as I could; "but hadn't you better save your lecture for those who will pay for it?" Yet I knew he was right.

THE ROAD TO THE WHITE HOUSE.

THERE comes occasionally a painful rumor that many officers of the army are not really in earnest in the war; that they think it is an error of the rebels to take up arms to overthrow the best of governments; to shoot their fellow-citizens, and to do all they can to ruin the prosperity of the country, and to blast the hope of constitutional liberty—an error, but still a venial error; an error to be borne with, to be extenuated, to be guarded as much as possible from its natural consequences: in fine, that although most of the people in the Slave States are in open rebellion, it is the people of the Free States who are really guilty. As a consequence of this view, the story is that such officers are nervously anxious to show that they do not share the guilt of loyal citizens, who believe slavery to be the root of rebellion, and try to prove it by the most unscrupulous servility to slave masters.

This may be true of some officers. It is doubtless true of the Colonel who advertised, after the election of Mr. Lincoln, that he was raising a regiment to resist the Government. But it certainly is not true of many officers who had, before the war, been politically allied with the South. It is not true, for instance, of General Burnside; and the war will winnow the earnest men from the trifling—the patriots from the compromisers—fast enough. This nation has been dragged long enough at the tail of slavery. Every other question has long enough been lost in that one: *Is he sure for slavery?* Every one of the myriad national offices has been long enough a loophole from which a shot was fired at the principles of the Government and at human rights. Not a postmaster, not a custom-house officer, not a man who was paid ten dollars or ten thousand by the national Government, but has been the slave or the apologist of slavery, or has held his tongue and bowed his head in a silence that shamed himself.

The first gun fired at Sumter shot all this stuff away. Henceforth the word Liberty, and not Slavery, is the test word of nationality. Henceforth an American gentleman is a man who pays other men for the labor they do for him; and who does not sell other people's wives and children, or his own, to pay his debts. Henceforth it is not treasonable to repeat the Declaration of Independence, nor fanatical and incendiary to believe it. The people of this country have smothered their convictions—have apologized, and shirked, and submitted to the unscrupulous tyranny of slavery in the Government and in society—because they wanted peace at any price. Now they see precisely what its character is. They know that it can never do any thing worse than it is doing now, and therefore they have no inducement to cringe any longer. They have done licking Mr. Slidell's shoes, and kissing the toe of Mr. Mason's boot. Of course they are not so foolish as to suppose that all slaveholders are bad people; but they are sagacious enough to know that they are all more or less sophisticated. You can not breathe mephitic air and not be poisoned.

Neither are the people of this country so exquisitely silly as to suppose that those who have said that when the fire reached the powder there would be an explosion are responsible for the explosion. To say, "Don't discuss the Slavery question: do let it be: let it take care of itself," was to say, "Don't think: don't feel: don't have any conscience, or reason, or common sense: the devil has the best of it; so let's all go to pot together."

Slavery in this country is doomed; and the rebel leaders know it, or they would have raised no insurrection. After this rebellion no man of sense will doubt whether or not there is an irrepressible conflict between the rights of man and the wrongs of man. Do you say that it can not be touched? My friend, every thing that withstands the supremacy of the Government can be touched. The log on which you rest your rifle to shoot an honest citizen can be knocked away, and the slave who stands by with another rifle for you, or who stays at home and does your work while you come up to murder us for defending our Government, he also can be knocked away. And he will be.

If any General of the United States army supposes that this nation is going to return to grovel in obsequiousness to slavery, like a dog to his vomit; that a young, vigorous, sagacious people is going to forge again the chains it has once broken—and thinks *that* the road to the Presidency, it were better for him that he had remained an ensign all the days of his life. Not unconstitutionally—not against the law—but by the will of the people Slavery is doomed. If the bond allow it a pound of flesh, the pound of flesh it shall have, but not a drop of blood. Henceforth, O General, if you would be President, take the road marked "To the Right," not that "To the Wrong."

THE ENNOBLING INSTITUTION.

A GOOD many years ago, the Irish barrister Philips, in a famous speech declared that whenever any slave, of whatever race or color, touched the soil of Great Britain, he rose "redeemed, regenerated, disenthralled." At the present time Great Britain is the especial ally and friend of a faction which is trying to establish a system of society of which the following are incidents. Can a decent Englishman read such things without bitter shame and loathing, that his nation throws the mantle of its sympathy over them? And this war is waged by the rebellion because the people of this country wished that the area in which such things are possible should not be extended.

—"The question of the status of Edward S. Gentry, *who is claimed to be both a white man and a darkey*, was still further argued before Judge William H. Lyons, on yesterday, but no decision was rendered. The Mayor condemned Gentry to some penalty as a colored person, and he appealed to Judge Lyons to determine his standing."

—"Alec Taylor, *an emancipated slave*, was brought before the Mayor yesterday for remaining in the State contrary to law; and it being proved that one year since he had been tried and allowed one month to vamose the ranche, the Mayor sent him before the Hustings court, which tribunal will, no doubt, in pursuance of law, order him to be sold into perpetual slavery. The prospect before the darkey is gloomy or gay, as he may choose to regard it."

How justly says the Memphis *Avalanche*, that "the civilized nations of the earth are beginning to open their eyes to the elevating and salutary effects upon society of this ennobling institution. They see a people reared under its influences displaying * * * all that justice, humanity, magnanimity, moderation, and stainless chivalry, which enter into the highest type of human civilization."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

CONSOLING A WIDOW.—A clergyman, consoling a young widow on the death of her husband, remarked that she could not find his equal. "I don't know about that," remarked the sobbing fair one, "but I'll try."

Many "contrabands" are very pious in their way, though they have an odd way of expressing themselves even in prayer. We all know about the good darkey who prayed that his beloved mistress might be "like a great roarin' lion seekin' somebody to devour." Down at Port Royal, the other day, an old negro was heard pouring out his soul in a company of his fellows.

"O Lord!" he cried, "bress them Yankee bobolitionist mudsills!"

"Amen!" was shouted vigorously by all his companions.

"De Lord bress ebery one of the dear good mudsills. Dey pays us for pickin' cotton, and massa don't!"

Poor old Sambo had never heard his new Yankee friends designated in any other terms, and so he used the words in his prayer in their behalf.

A Scotch pedestrian, attacked by three highwaymen, defended himself with great courage and obstinacy, and was at last overpowered and his pockets rifled. The robbers expected, from the extraordinary resistance they had experienced, to lay their hands on some rich booty; but were not a little surprised to discover that the whole treasure which the sturdy Caledonian had been defending at the hazard of life consisted of no more than a crooked sixpence. "The deuce is in him," said one of the rogues; "if he had had eighteenpence I suppose he would have killed the whole of us."

Two Irishmen were in prison, the one for stealing a cow, and the other for stealing a watch. "Hallo, Mike! what o'clock is it? said the cow-stealer to the other. "And sure, Pat, I haven't any time-piece handy, but I think it is most milking time."

"Silence! keep silence in Court!" said an angry Judge. "Here we have judged a dozen cases this morning, and I have not heard one of them." Justice was blind as well as deaf.

Lord Campbell, it is well known, was fond of a joke, and sometimes had the tables turned upon himself. A few days before his death he met a barrister who had grown very stout of late, and remarked, "Why, Mr. ——, you are getting as fat as a porpoise." "Fit company, my lord, for the great seal," was the ready repartee.

John Hunter, in demonstrating the jaw-bone, observed that the bone was known to abound in proportion to the want of brains. Some students at the time were talking instead of attending to the lecture, upon which Hunter exclaimed, "Gentlemen, let us have more *intellect*, and less *jaw*."

The latest advertisement of an air-tight coffin is, that it protects the form from decomposition, "and can be retained in the parlor as an elegant piece of furniture, without any annoyance whatever."

What is society, after all, but a mixture of mister-ies and miss-eries?

Collins, the sweet poet, was much attached to a young lady who was born the day before him, and who did not return his passion. "Yours is a hard case," said a friend. "It is so indeed," replied Collins, "for I came into the world a day after the fair."

A TIGHT FIX.—They say there is a man living in this city who attends church regularly, and clasps his hands so tight during praying-time that he can't get them open when the contribution-box comes round.

"Wife," said a man, looking for his bootjack, "I have places where I keep my things, and you ought to know it." "Yes," said she, "I ought to know where you keep your late hours."

"Give me a nice polish, you young scamp," said a dirty swell with a pipe and pork pie cap. "I can't give you one," said the lad; "it would take a cleverer 'man' nor me to do that. But I can polish your boots, Sir."

"I have turned many a woman's head," boasted a young nobleman of France. "Yes," replied Talleyrand, "*away* from you."

"It is very curious," said a young lady, "that a tortoise, from whom we get all our shell combs, has no hair."

"A man who'll maliciously set fire to a shed," said Mr. Slow, "and burn up twenty cows, ought to be kicked to death by a donkey—and I'd like to do it myself!" Slow is very severe sometimes.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

ON Tuesday, January 21, in the Senate, petitions for a continuance of the Coast Survey, for a naval dépôt at Sandusky, Ohio, and in favor of the emancipation of slaves, were presented. The resolution to allow certain naval officers to receive presents from Japan was adopted. The Judiciary Committee was instructed to consider the expediency of amending the naturalization laws so as to confer the right of citizenship upon foreigners serving in our army. Bills to regulate the compensation of District-Attorneys, and to authorize the examination of certain parties in the Courts of the United States, were presented and referred. The amendment of the House to the bill for the completion of the defenses of Washington was agreed to. An amendment to the act allowing the discharge from the army of enlisted minors was agreed to, providing that no persons under eighteen years of age should be enlisted, and that the oath of enlistment should be conclusive as to age. The amendment imposing the death penalty upon spies and those forcing safe-guards was agreed to. A bill authorizing the President to appoint two Assistant Secretaries of War, to serve one year, at a salary of $3000, was passed. A resolution regulating the compensation of Customs Collectors and Naval Officers was referred. The report of the Judiciary Committee against the expulsion of Senator Bright, of Indiana, was then debated, and Senators Sumner, Lane, of Indiana, and Bright made speeches.——In the House, the Senate bill authorizing the appointment of Assistant Secretaries of War was passed. The bill requiring postage upon printed matter carried outside the mails was debated, and, on motion of Mr. Dawes, of Massachusetts, it was laid on the table, 75 against 66, thus killing it. Mr. Morrill, of Vermont, gave notice that the Committee proposed levying a tax—perhaps by stamp—on newspapers, and a tax on telegraphic communications.

On Wednesday, 22d, in the Senate, the resolution appropriating $10,000 for expenses of the Joint Committee on the War was passed. The House bill repealing the act exempting witnesses before Congressional committees from criminal prosecution was passed. A bill authorizing the President to take military possession of certain railroad and telegraph lines was referred. Senator Davis, of Kentucky, made a strong speech in favor of the expulsion of Senator Bright, of Indiana, and against the Abolitionists.——In the House, the bill for the increase of the clerical force of the War and Navy Departments was passed, and also the Senate bill authorizing certain naval officers to receive presents from Japan. The Committee on Ways and Means reported a bill authorizing the issue of United States notes, and providing for the redemption and funding thereof, and for the funding of the national floating debt, which was made the special order for Tuesday, 28th. A bill was reported from the Military Committee for the paying of field-officers of volunteer regiments for services rendered prior to the complete organization of their regiments. The President was requested to inform the House if the act requiring officers of new regular regiments appointed from civil life to be assigned to recruiting service had been complied with, and how many officers had been thus employed. A resolution was adopted asking the Secretary of War whether and when a military force can be detailed to guard the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, so that the road may be repaired. Messrs. Diven, of New York, and Stevens, of Pennsylvania, spoke upon rebellion and slavery.

On Thursday, 23d, in the Senate, petitions for the employment of homeopathic physicians in the army, a joint resolution of the Michigan Legislature in favor of exchanging prisoners of war, and a remonstrance against suspending the Coast Survey were presented. The amendments to the Washington Defense bill, providing that no new works be commenced, and imposing the death-penalty upon spies and those forcing safe-guards, were agreed to and the bill passed. The House amendment to the bill increasing the clerical force of the War and Navy Departments was concurred in, and the bill passed. Senator Davis, of Kentucky, concluded his speech in favor of expelling Senator Bright, of Indiana, and advocated the hanging of secessionists and abolitionists in pairs.——In the House, the Naval Appropriation bill, a bill establishing a postal money-order system, a bill regulating the prize laws, and a bill for a military and mail railroad from Kentucky to Tennessee, were reported. Mr. Alley, of Massachusetts, Mr. Harrison, of Ohio, Mr. Van Horn, of New York, and Mr. Washburne, of Illinois, made speeches.

On Friday, 24th, in the Senate, the credentials of Robert Wilson, appointed Senator from Missouri, *vice* Senator Polk expelled, were presented, and Mr. Wilson took the oath and his seat. The resolution appropriating $10,000 for expenses of the House Special War Contract Investigating Committee was passed. The bill relating to judicial districts of United States Circuit Courts was passed. Bills creating two new naval bureaux and granting charters for banks in the District of Columbia were referred. Senators Davis, Harlan, Sumner, Cowan, Harris, Ten Eyck, and Clark, debated the resolution regarding the expulsion of Bright, of Indiana. The Senate went into executive session.——In the House the joint resolution appropriating $10,000 for expenses of the War Contract Investigating Committee was adopted. The Senate bill appropriating $25,000 for protection of emigrants on overland routes to the Pacific was passed. The bill providing more stringent regulations of the sale of liquors to Indians was passed. Resolutions of the Legislature of New York in favor of enactments to prevent frauds in furnishing Government supplies, were referred to the Special Committee on the Investigation of War Contracts. The House non-concurred in the Senate's amendments to the Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation bill including Florence among the Consul Generalships and striking out Hayti and Liberia. Mr. Blair's bill for the emancipation and colonization of slaves of rebels was postponed till Tuesday, and both Houses adjourned till Monday.

On Monday, 28th, in the Senate, petitions for the establishment of a national armory west of the Alleghanies; against all traffic in public lands; in favor of continuing the coast survey; for the employment of homeopathy in the army, and in favor of the emancipation of slaves, were presented. Resolutions of the New York Assembly in regard to frauds upon the Government were received. Committee on Naval Affairs reported upon the reply of the Secretary of the Navy in regard to vessels purchased for the Government, censuring the action of the Secretary. By joint resolution the Superintendent of the Census Bureau was ordered to furnish the War Department with statistical information. A resolution inquiring whether the ship-of-the-line *Alabama* can be converted into a steamer was laid over. Senator Wilson introduced a bill providing for the more effectual suppression of the slave-trade. An amendment to the joint rules providing that both Houses may go into secret session, upon certain contingencies, to act upon matters pertaining to the rebellion, was discussed. Senator Latham, of California, opposed the expulsion of Bright, of Indiana. Executive session followed.——In the House, a bill for the construction of a military road to Denver City was referred. Mr. Colfax introduced a bill to render postage on printed matter more uniform. A debate on rebellion and slavery took place, and the Military Appropriation, bill was passed without amendment. The appropriations for the executive, judicial, and legislative branches of the Government were discussed, but the House adjourned without action.

THE BURNSIDE EXPEDITION.

A special messenger, with dispatches from General Burnside, reached Washington on the morning of the 28th Jan. They are dated "Head-quarters, Department of North Carolina, Hatteras Inlet, Jan. 26, 1862."

General Burnside states: We left our anchorage at Annapolis on Thursday, the 9th, and, after a protracted passage, owing to dense fogs, arrived at Fortress Monroe on Friday night, at twelve o'clock. Leaving Fortress Monroe on Saturday, at ten o'clock in the morning, we proceeded at once to sea, but, owing to fogs on Sunday night, our progress was very slow. On Monday, the 13th, the weather cleared, with a heavy wind and a rough sea, which caused our vessels to labor very heavily, and some were obliged to cut loose from the vessels they were towing. Most of them, however, passed over the bar, and anchored inside the harbor about twelve o'clock noon on the 15th, just in time to escape the severe gale of Monday night and Tuesday.

The propeller *New York* ran on the bar at the entrance to the harbor, and, owing to the severe weather and want of small boats, we could render her no assistance. She was laden with stores, and was lost.

The General also says he had been led to believe that he would find experienced pilots at Hatteras, but had great difficulty in accomplishing his wish for want of proper accommodations. He adds that he would commence that day to build a wharf for landing supplies. The men were cheerful and patient, and he would proceed with confidence.

An accident occurred in an effort to relieve the steamer *New York*, by which a boat was swamped, and the lives of Colonel Allen, of the Ninth New Jersey, his surgeon, and a mate of the boat were lost.

After the arrival of the expedition at Hatteras the enemy made their appearance in one or two vessels, on a reconnoitering expedition. Our boats gave chase and drove them back.

The health of the men is excellent: the deaths from disease unusually few. The troops are cheerful, and full of confidence in the General commanding, who is at work night and day. There can be little doubt that in a few days every thing will be ready for the advance.

THE MISSISSIPPI EXPEDITION.

All the members of the gun-boat navy are ordered to report at Cairo immediately, as a sudden and speedy movement is expected.

WISE RATS DESERTING A SINKING SHIP.

The French residents of New Orleans have applied to our Government through General Phelps, at Ship Island, for permission to leave New Orleans in a body, as they despair of the blockade being raised or the Confederacy recognized.

REBEL STONE FLEETS.

The Southern journals are calling upon the rebel government to save "Lincoln's stone fleet" trouble by obstructing Southern harbors and rivers for us, so as to prevent the entrance of our expeditions. The London *Times* will please make a note of this.

GOVERNOR LETCHER DRUNK.

The Richmond *Examiner* of the 23d rebukes Governor Letcher for entering the legislative chamber drunk, and sitting with a cigar in his mouth during the session—"a spectacle for the whole house, and a butt for the jokes of the gallery."

CAPTURE OF CEDAR KEYS, FLORIDA.

We have intelligence, *via* Savannah, of the capture of Cedar Keys, a group of islands on the west coast of Florida, by the Union forces. These islands form the western terminus of the Florida railroad, which runs across the Peninsula, and their capture cuts off a most important route of rebel communication between the Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico.

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

General M'Clellan has fully recovered his health and resumed his duties. In spite of the prevalent inclement weather the amount of sickness in the army does not exceed that of any community of the same number of persons. The Hutchinson band of minstrels were turned out of the camps recently for singing Abolition songs to the soldiers. Governor Sprague has offered three regiments of infantry and two batteries of artillery to defend Washington when the forward movement is made.

DEPARTMENT OF MISSOURI.

The accounts from interior Missouri are indefinite, but Price is probably still in retreat. General Halleck has issued an order that any attempt to interfere with the execution of an order from head-quarters will be regarded and punished as a military offense; and he has ordered Mr. Engel, a wealthy secessionist, to leave the Department of Missouri, for resisting, by civil process, the assessment ordered upon all secessionists for the benefit of Union refugees. General Jim Lane has arrived at Chicago on his way to take command of his Southern overland expedition. In a speech he promised to give each one of his 34,000 soldiers a freed slave to wait upon him. General Price has written to ask whether General Halleck intends to hang bridge-burners and received an affirmative reply.

EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS.

Secretary Stanton has ordered that two United States Commissioners be appointed to visit the cities of the South where our officers and men are confined, and adopt such measures for their comfort as the rebel authorities will permit. This action looks toward an exchange of prisoners, and is received with great rejoicing. Ex-Governor Hamilton Fish, of New York, and Bishop Ames, of Ohio, have been appointed as the Commissioners, have accepted, and will go South with the next batch of exchanged rebels.

FROM THE REBEL STATES.

The rebel journals are still attacking Jeff Davis's Government, and complain of inactivity, disease, and want, in and out of the army. The rebel government has prohibited the publication of any war news, except by authority, to suppress, probably, the news of the Kentucky defeat. Ex-President Tyler deceased, at Richmond, Virginia, on the 17th inst. A plan for governmental smuggling was broached at Richmond.

ANOTHER EXPEDITION IN EMBRYO.

Besides Captain Porter's mortar fleet, not yet sailed, there appears to be another expedition in embryo, as the War Department has inquired of the authorities of Massachusetts and Rhode Island what number of troops from these States can be put in active service within seven days.

THE TREASURY NOTE BILL.

The Treasury Note Bill reported to Congress by the Committee of Ways and Means provides for the issue of $100,000,000 of demand notes without interest, and $500,000,000 of twenty years' six per cent. bonds, the demand notes to be fundable. The Secretary of the Treasury approves the bill.

DISCOVERY OF RELICS OF WASHINGTON.

The Hon. Caleb Lyons has discovered, at Arlington House, Virginia, a set of porcelains presented to Washington by the Society of Cincinnati; pieces of a tea set presented to Mrs. Washington by Lafayette; Washington's field tent, portmanteau, tea-table, cabinet, punch-bowl, treasure chest; two vases presented by Mr. Vaughn, of London; two candelabra, presented by Count Rochambeau, and the blanket under which Washington died. Arlington House was the residence of General Lee (rebel), whose wife was the daughter of G. W. P. Custis, the favorite of Washington. The articles are deposited at the Patent Office.

NEW YORK STATE DEFENSES.

In his recent report, General Arthur, Engineer-in-Chief of the State of New York, recommends a large increase of our harbor and lake fortifications; the immediate manufacture of guns of large calibre; the construction of iron-clad steam gun-boats for the lakes, and the exercise of the militia in the management of heavy sea-coast artillery.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE MASON AND SLIDELL AFFAIR.

THE *City of Washington* arrived at Queenstown on the 8th instant with the news of the surrender of Mason and Slidell by the United States Government. The news was gratifyingly received in financial and commercial circles.

The London *Times* and other English journals state that the settlement of the *Trent* affair is perfectly satisfactory. The *Times* hopes that no ovation will be given to Mason and Slidell, whom it pronounces "blind and habitual haters and revilers of England;" and it adds, "England would have done as much to rescue two negroes." The *Tuscarora* is still watching the *Nashville* at Southampton. The expenses of England in the *Trent* affair are estimated at £2,000,000.

FRANCE.

French official circles felt much satisfaction at the settlement of the *Trent* affair, and on the Bourse there was an immediate rise of one per cent. The *Moniteur* says that profound regret and indignation has been aroused by our destroying the port of Charleston. The Emperor has appointed Marshall Magnan grand master of the Free Masons in France. The Masons have hitherto chosen their own grand masters.

SPAIN.

The American consul has received orders to protest against the admission of the *Sumter* to the port of Cadiz. It was said that Spain would protect the American prisoners made by the *Sumter*.

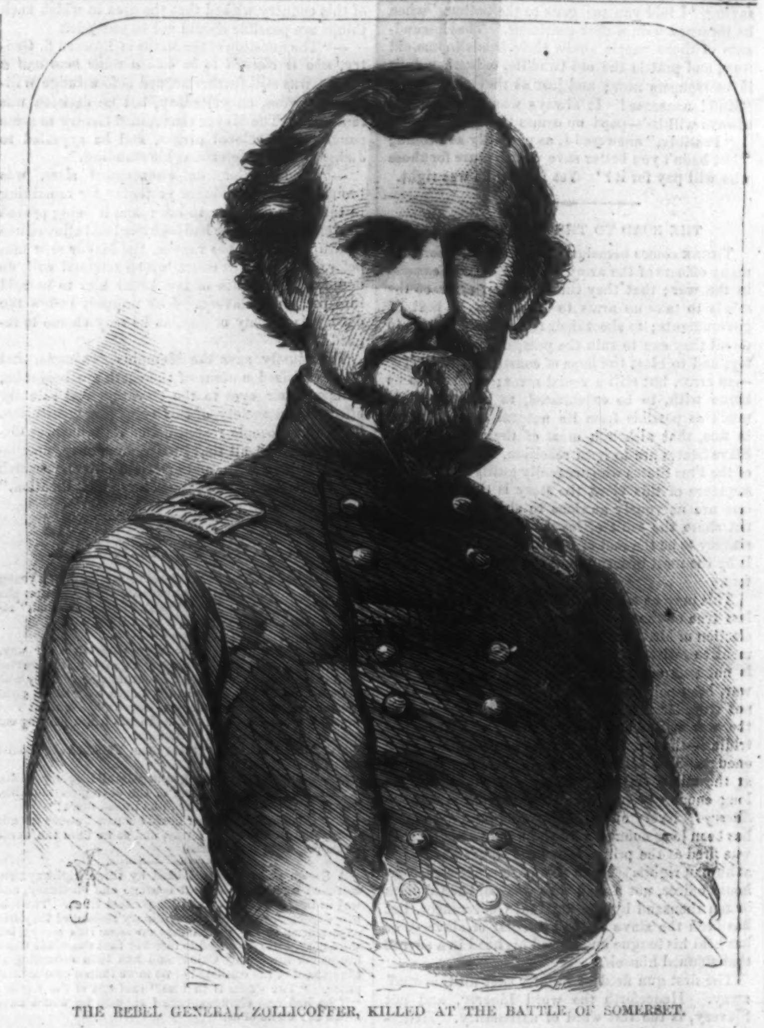
RUSSIA.

It was reported that Russia had threatened to recognize the Kingdom of Italy if the Pope does not condemn the Polish clergy. The St. Petersburg *Journal* (official organ) congratulates Mr. Seward upon his upright policy, and demands that England shall solemnly guarantee neutral rights, *apropos* to the *Trent* affair.

CHINA.

We have news from Canton to the 30th November. Prince Kun, Chief of the Regency, had executed an imperial *coup d'etat* in Pekin, by imprisoning all the members of the Cabinet of the Emperor, and organizing a new Ministry.

HON. EDWIN M. STANTON, SECRETARY OF WAR.



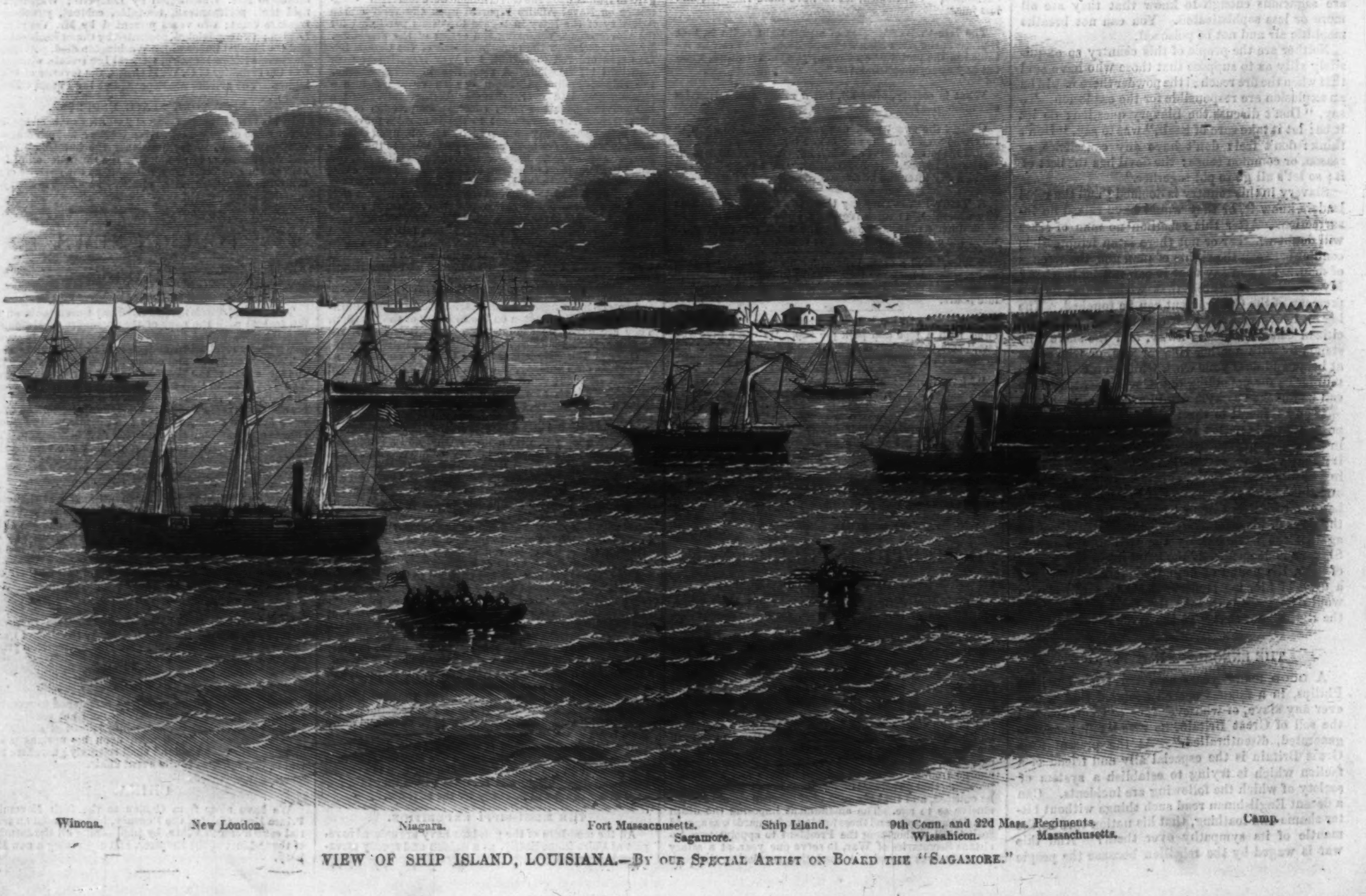
THE REBEL GENERAL ZOLLICOFFER, KILLED AT THE BATTLE OF SOMERSET.

HON. EDWIN M. STANTON.

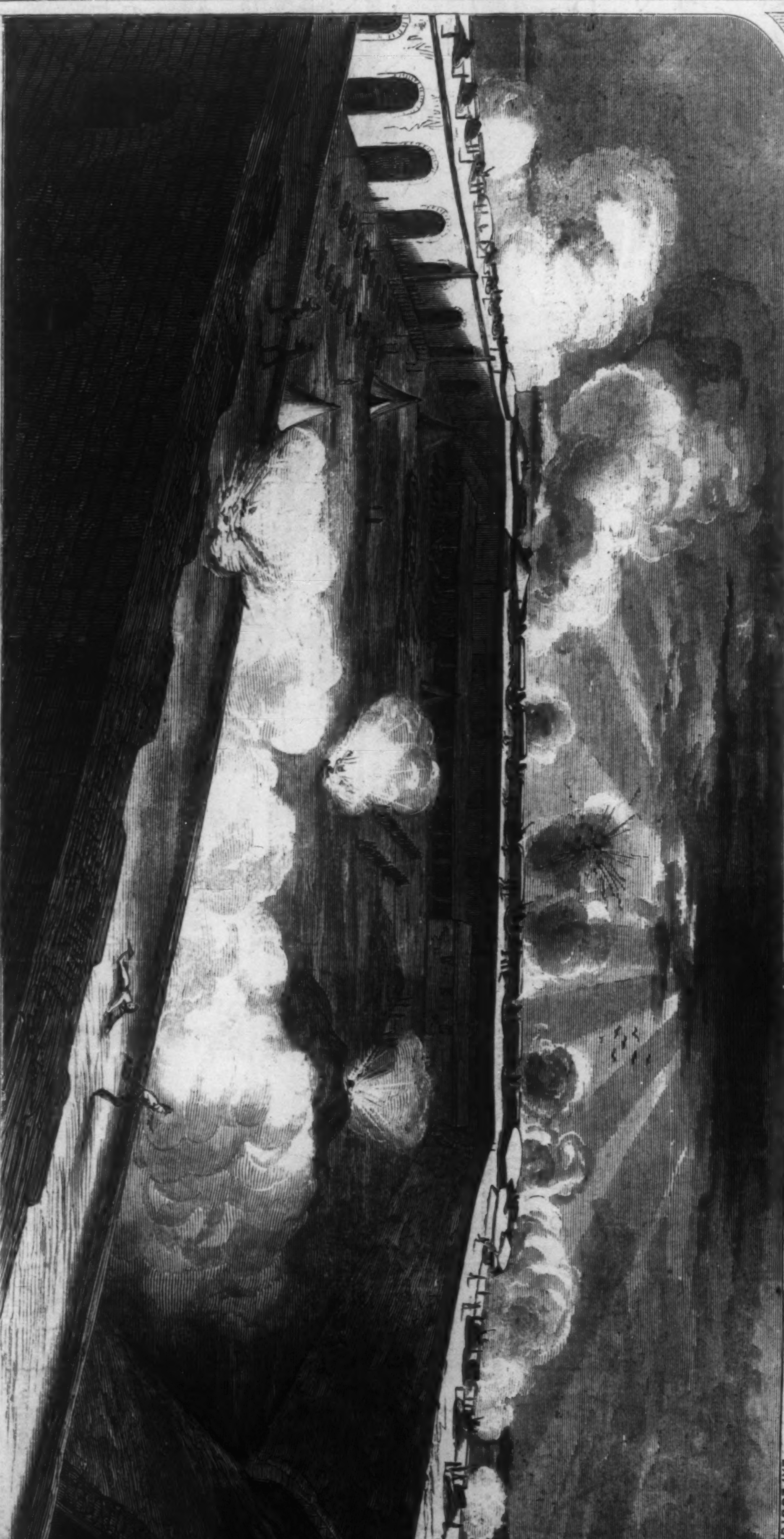
EDWIN M. STANTON, now Secretary of War, whose portrait we here give, is about 45 years of age. He was born at Steubenville, Ohio, where he begun the practice of law, after having graduated at Kenyon College. He is the author of a portion of the Reports of the Supreme Court of Ohio, which bear his name. In 1848 he removed to Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, where he at once took his place at the head of the bar. Early in the administration of Mr. Buchanan Mr. Stanton was selected by Attorney-General Black to represent the Government in the important land cases in California. When Mr. Cass, a little more than a year ago, resigned his post as Secretary of State, Mr. Black, the only loyal member of the Cabinet, was appointed to the place; and at his request the Attorney-Generalship, which he had vacated, was urged upon Mr. Stanton, who accepted it reluctantly, and at great loss to himself. In the Cabinet he soon found himself associated with Holt and Dix, and to their efforts is due the patriotic course which marked the last few weeks of Mr. Buchanan's Administration. Mr. Stanton has been through life a firm and uncompromising Democrat, and his nomination and unanimous confirmation as head of the most important Department under a President of another party is the best proof of his eminent fitness for the post. He brings to it great administrative skill and executive firmness. His recent order in respect to the transaction of business shows that he is fully aware of the work to be done.

GENERAL ZOLLICOFFER.

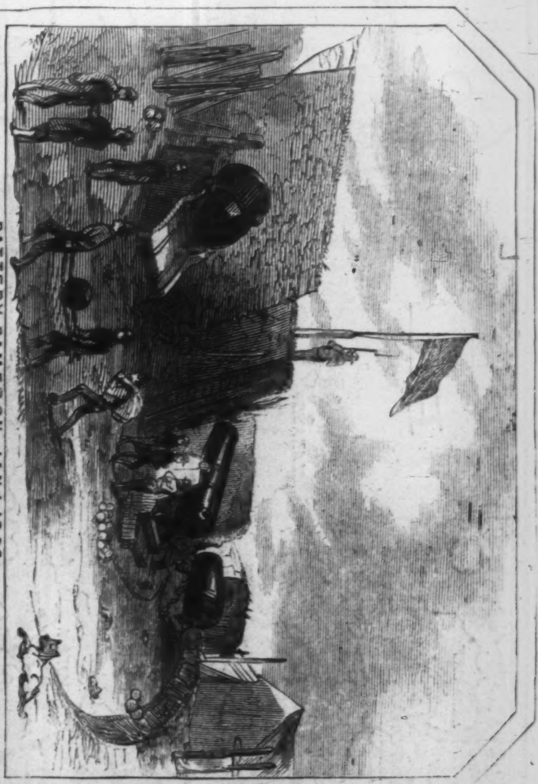
FELIX K. ZOLLICOFFER, whose portrait appears on this page, was born May 19, 1812, in Maury County, Tennessee. After receiving an ordinary school education he served a few months in a printing-office, and then, at the age of seventeen, took the management of a country newspaper. His principal occupation has been that of an editor, though he held at various times offices in his own State. He was originally a Whig in politics; and when, in 1853, all the parties in Tennessee opposed to the Democrats united under the name of the American party, Mr. Zollicoffer was elected to Congress from the Nashville district. When his State seceded he went with the majority, and was appointed a Brigadier-General in the Confederate Army, although he had no previous military experience. He was a man of considerable ability and undoubted courage; by the rebels he was considered as one of the most promising of their officers. He fell at the battle of Somerset (or Mill Springs), fought on the 19th of January, in a vain attempt to break a link in the chain which is being wound around the rebel body in the West.



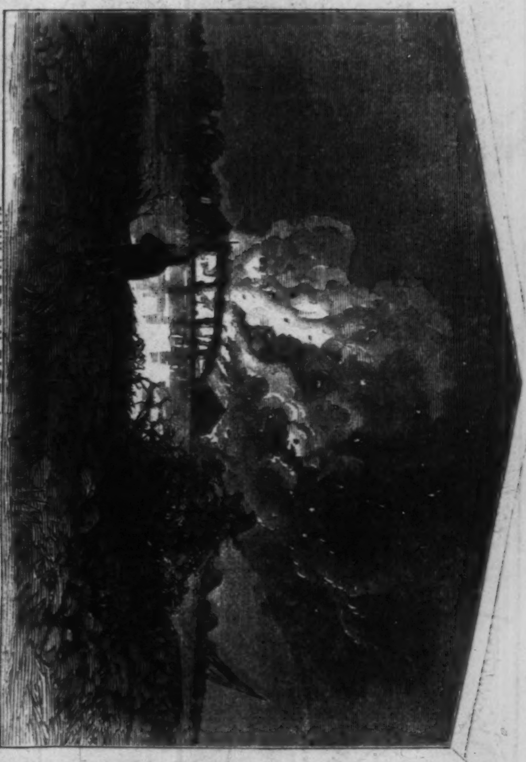
VIEW OF SHIP ISLAND, LOUISIANA.—BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ON BOARD THE "SAGAMORE."



INTERIOR OF FORT PICKENS JAN. 1. 1862.—4 O'CLOCK, P.M.



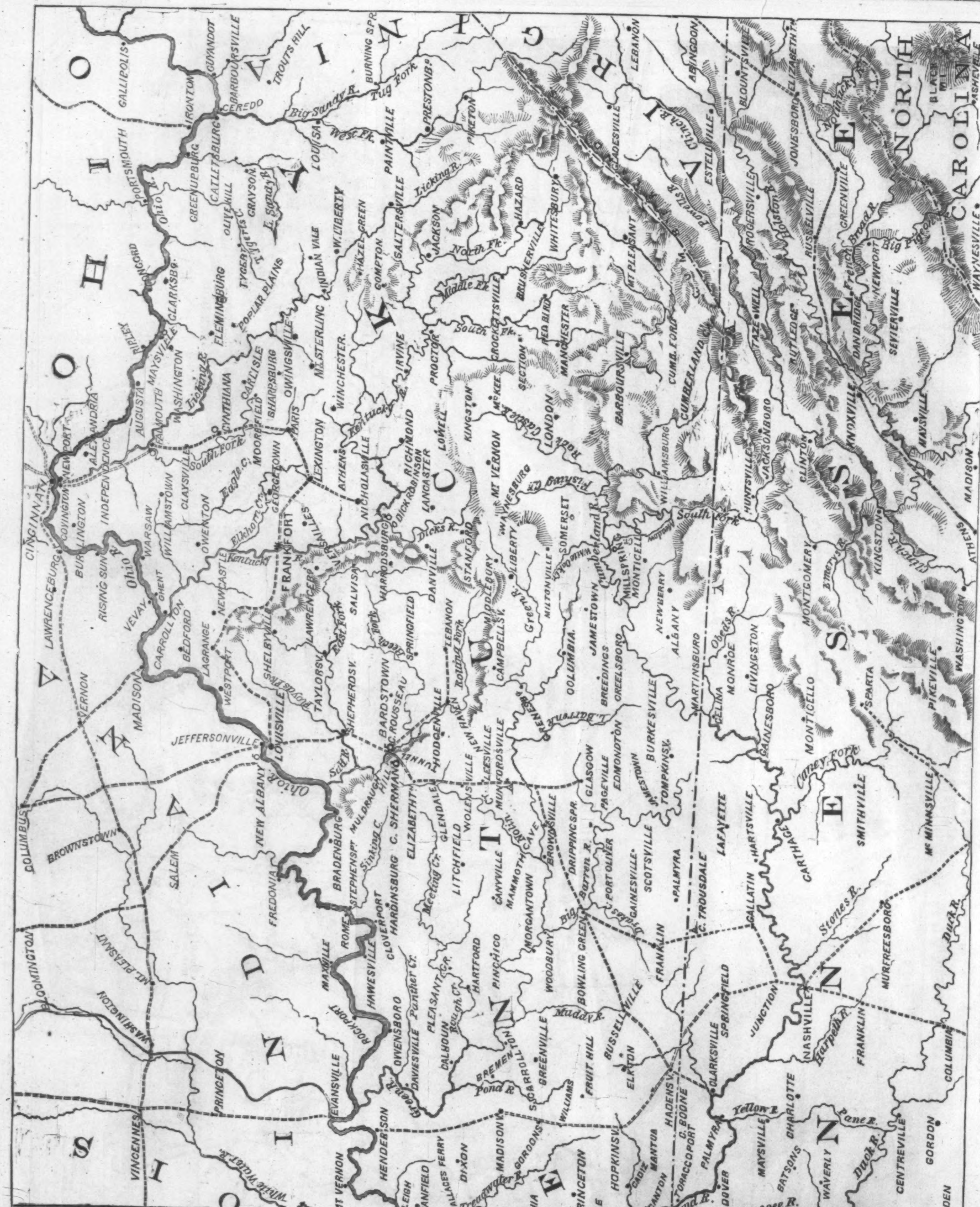
BATTERY CAMERON JAN. 1. 1862.



NAVY-YARD ON FIRE, JAN. 1. 1862.

EXPLOSION OF SHELLS NOV. 22 1861.

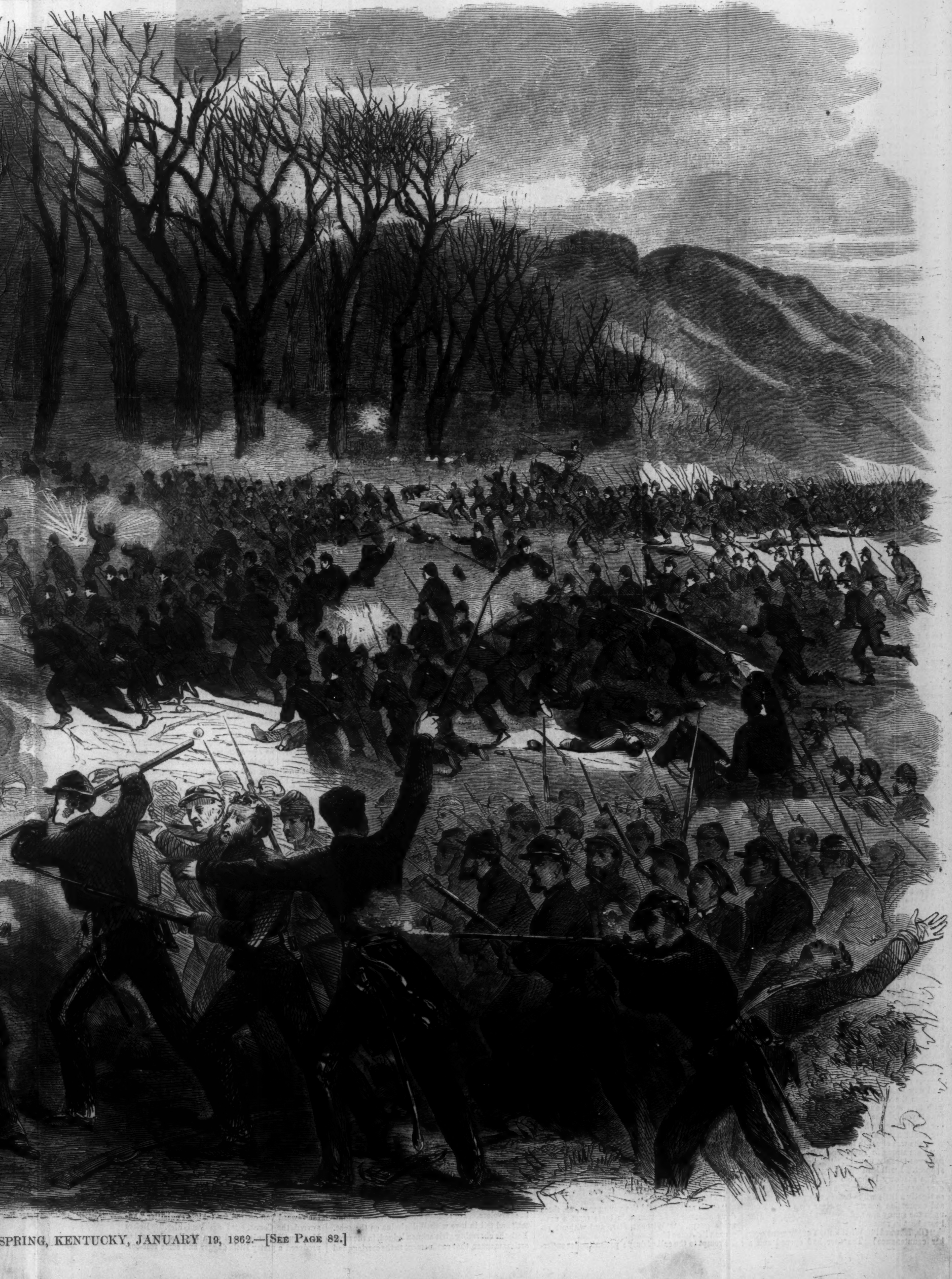
THE TWO BOMBARDMENTS OF FORT PICKENS.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 83.]



MAP OF KENTUCKY, WITH A PORTION OF TENNESSEE, SHOWING THE RAILROADS, RIVERS, MOUNTAINS, ETC.

TOPOGRAPHICAL MAP SHOWING MILL SPRING, PULASKI COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THE SCENE OF THE RECENT BATTLE, AND DEFEAT OF THE FORCES OF THE REBEL GENERAL ZOLLICOFFER.

THE BATTLE OF SOMERSET, OR MILL SPR



SPRING, KENTUCKY, JANUARY 19, 1862.—[See Page 82.]

GOD'S SOLDIER.

"If I were only a strong man!"

A sick girl sat propped up with cushions, near an open window, in the early September days, while summer yet lingered among the green leaves and flowers with which she had beautified the land. Her face was almost ghostly in its whiteness. Far back in their sockets lay her eyes, which neither pain nor wasting sickness had been able to dim. Her shadowy hands, with their long transparent fingers, lay, one across her bosom, the other resting, like a piece of exquisitely cut marble, on a purple cushion.

Not very far away from the gates of death. The road had already gone down from the sunlit plains, and was crowding in among the shadowy cypresses. Not far away from the gates of death. She knew it, and was not afraid.

"If I were only a strong man!" The tremulous fife, shrill but exhilarant; the throbbing drum, changing the time in which her heart was beating; the reverberant tread of armed men—these were yet in her ears, though the pageant was gone. Weak, sick, dying as she was, her soul was quickened by a new inspiration.

"But I can do nothing." She sighed a little while afterward, letting the white lids, with their thick fringes, fall over her glittering orbs.

"Nothing, Alice?"

The shut lids flew open, and the bright eyes were in the questioner's face.

"*What* can I do? I am not a man."

"No. You are a weak, sick girl."

"So weak, that these poor hands can not even knit."

"Just so weak, Alice." The voice was burdened with tenderness.

"There are sick soldiers in our hospitals. But I can not even visit them, nor do so small a thing as hold a cup of cold water to feverish lips."

"No, you can not do even this."

"I am helpless. I can do nothing! And yet, I would give my life, if that would avail any thing, for our country. To me, people do not seem to be half in earnest—do not seem to comprehend the peril in which we are involved. Men talk of business and gain, and women of dress and pleasure, as if no enemy were at the gates, mad for our destruction. I feel, sometimes, as if I must cry out from the windows, and warn the people of a danger they do not appear to dread."

"If you could infuse your spirit into one who has the strength to stand up in the face of our enemies."

The sick girl raised her head from among the cushions, in a half surprised way.

"My spirit into another?" she said.

"Yes."

"Into whom?"

The answer did not come until her question was repeated. Then the name "Howard" was spoken.

"Howard!" It was evident that a pang had gone through her heart. Her lids fell quickly, and her face buried itself among the purple cushions.

"When our country is in danger, God lays upon us the duty of offering for its defense even our most precious things."

The sick girl lifted her head again. If the pale face could be paler, it was paler now.

"Howard is brave and patriotic," she said.

"I believe it, Alice."

The eyes were shut again. A hard struggle was in progress.

"If I were not so weak, Aunt Phœbe. If the time were not so near at hand." Her lips quivered and tears fell over her cheeks. Silence followed.

"Three years, or for the war! I should never see him again in this world! Oh, Aunt Phœbe, I am not strong enough for this!"

"Only in the degree that God gives us strength are we strong enough for any trial," was gently answered. "You asked 'What can I do?' and the question is answered. Pour into another heart your strong enthusiasm. Vitalize another soul with your intense patriotism. I have watched you closely, Alice, when Howard has been here. You are not, apparently, the same girl then that you are when he is absent. You do not talk as strongly about the war; and if he shows any thing like military ardor, are silent. Not a single stimulus, so far as observed by me, have you offered to his love of country. Is this right? Are you doing your highest duty in thus seeking to hold him back from the ranks of patriots and defenders? I think Howard brave; I know him to be sound in principle. He belongs to that class of men who make the best soldiers. And why is he not in the army? The answer is with you. Speak the fitting word and he will move at once to the call of duty. Into his manlier strength your warm life shall flow. On the battle-field your brave words will be in his thought and make him invincible. What can you do, Alice? You can give a man to the army of freedom—a man filled with your own spirit, counting not his life dear so that his country is saved."

"Leave me to myself, Aunt Phœbe," said the sick girl. "God will no doubt give me strength; but I feel very weak now."

Aunt Phœbe laid her lips tenderly on Alice's forehead, and then went out.

For a long time shadowing lashes lay close upon white cheeks. The pale thin mouth was shut. It was a sad mouth now. Was there strength enough? Could the sick girl bear this parting with her lover?—a parting in which there was so little promise? And deeper still than this went the pang. She thought of wounding and of death. Could she give that precious one to these? Send him away by a word to encounter, in his own dear person, the terrible things of which she had read as befalling in battle? Her weak heart shuddered. She grew faint and sick before the images imagination wrought into almost life-like existence. But this state passed. Other thoughts flowed into her mind, and changed the character of its creations. She did not see the dark things of fear, but the great success that lay beyond the strife of battle-fields. And now was revived the old ardor of patriotism. Up from the valley of doubt and fear she walked with firm steps and eyes fixed on the mountain-tops beyond. She had been ready to give all for her country—even her own life, if that poor offering could have availed any thing—all but this! Now she was equal to the last great duty.

"I am strong in Thy strength," she said, lifting her eyes meekly upward. "Take all of earthly support. I will lean upon Thy everlasting arm."

The shadowy lashes no longer lay close down over her white cheeks. The pale thin mouth, shut so tightly a little while before, was parted, and the sad expression gone. The clear eyes looked out upon the sunny sky and pleasant landscape. Her heart beat in renewed strength.

"Oh, Howard!" What a flash of joy went over her countenance! The door had opened and a young man entered. He was in age not past twenty-three; yet he had a firmly-set mouth, an eye of strength, and the step of one whose thoughts were already maturing into distinct life purposes.

"Dear Alice!" he said, and kissed her. Then taking her little hand, thin and colorless almost as a snow-flake, he held it very tightly, sitting down and bending toward her as she lay among her purple cushions—gazing into her face and drinking in of its sweetness.

"If you were not so weak, Alice." There was a meaning in his voice beyond the mere expression of regret. Alice felt this, and, as she tightened her hand in his hand, answered,

"If I were not so weak—what then, Howard?"

His mouth grew serious. He looked at her for a little while, and then his eyes dropped to the floor.

"What then?" She pressed him for an answer.

"I would go from you for a little while."

He saw her start. But instead of grief or pain, a soft smile lay upon her lips.

"Where?"

He stood up, drawing his form erect.

"I am a man—strong and of full stature."

She did not answer, but her eyes were in his face.

"Do you understand me, Alice?" His voice was just a little unsteady. He sat down again, taking the hand he had relinquished a moment before.

"I think so." She spoke very evenly.

"When our country calls upon us, Alice, God calls."

"I believe it," she answered.

"It has called upon me—has been calling for months. The summons is in my ears day and night, and, without sin, I can no longer remain disobedient. But how can I go, and you so weak, so frail? Oh, Alice, it is not that love has diminished, but the call of duty grows more and more trumpet-like every hour."

"You speak truly, Howard," was the firmly-given answer. "When our country calls upon us God calls. *I* have heard the voice, and recognizing it as the voice of God, have looked up, asking, What can I do? I, so weak, so helpless—just ready to be blown away by a breath—not able to minister even to my own needs. Oh, I have trembled in every nerve with excess of desire to respond."

"Let me take of your spirit, darling!" said the young man, bending down to her until his breath was upon her cheeks. "Let me lift from your weak shoulders the burden of active duty and lay it upon my own. Strengthen me with your love! Say to me, go forth and offer the service of two hearts. I am ready to bear your gage of honor to the battle-field as a true and loyal knight."

No fear came upon her heart. God was giving her strength for the hour. Her face grew warm, and the shrunken flesh, infilled by stronger pulsations, seemed to round with the fullness of health.

"Go forth!" she answered, "and may God give you courage and endurance!"

The sick girl laid her head upon the bosom of her lover, and in the enthusiasm of the hour was happy.

But did not her steps falter as she moved along this new path of duty? No. Her love of country was genuine, and the ardor that flowed from this love no evanescent heat. For herself, she knew that her steps were daily descending to the river of death, and that in a very short time she would be amidst the encompassing waves. Over the river faith saw the land of immortals, and the shining ones on the bank ready to receive her soul. She had conquered the human weakness that would hold her beloved to her side, and in saintly strength given him to his country in the hour of need.

How brave he looked in his uniform! How strong—how manly! Pride twined itself with her love. Never a word of weakness—never a look of pain—never a hindering tear. But always an inspiring strength. She hardly seemed to him a frail, dying woman, but a beautiful spirit pointing the way through danger to duty.

The time of parting came. Alice had not dared to trust herself to think of this hour. Would she have strength for the trial? Strength of spirit? Yes! But the heart would beat faster and stronger with human emotions; and the frail body might not bear the strain.

"God's love and God's strength go with you, Howard!" She tried to be calm and brave. "Be a true soldier! I shall be near you, always near you, Howard!"

He kissed her over and over again. Drew her wildly to his heart. Gave her a loving, long look of impassioned love. Then, without utterance, tore himself from the room.

A messenger reached him an hour afterward as he was marching to the place of embarkation, his regiment having been ordered to the Capital. The nature of this summons was such that he obtained leave to remain behind, and join his regiment on the next day.

The ordeal of parting had been too severe for Alice. The strength that came to her was unnatural, an excitement that consumed. When the scene passed she became so weak and tremulous that she could no longer sit among the cushions in her great arm-chair, but had to be lifted to the bed, where she lay with shut eyes, and breath so low that Aunt Phœbe, as she stood over her, was sometimes in doubt whether the chest moved or not. Half an hour she thus lay. Then her lips moved, and as Aunt Phœbe bent down her ear she caught the whispered name of Howard. It was then that she dispatched the messenger, who was just in time to reach the young soldier before his departure.

"Alice!" The voice went down to the region of consciousness. Slowly the lids upraised themselves, and there was light and joy in eyes that looked into her lover's face.

"Oh, Howard!"

"You know me, Alice?"

She smiled sweetly, but feebly; and her eyelids began to droop as if they were heavy with sleep.

"Alice!" he called, tenderly—"Alice!"

She looked at him again.

"Do you know me, Alice?"

"Yes."

"Who am I?"

Her eyes, now fixed and becoming glassy, were looking steadily into his eyes:

"God's soldier!"

As the words left her lips a brief smile played over them. Then the eyelids fell, and a veil was drawn over the ashen face. It was the veil of death!

"God's soldier!" said the young man, as, three days afterward, he turned in tears from a new-made grave. "'Without fear, and without reproach!' Amen!"

Prompt to the call of duty; patient under suffering; all-enduring; tender to the sick as a woman; quick to help the weak; pure from all sin; and brave as a lion in battle—so did this soldier of God, into whose life had flowed the lofty enthusiasm of another life, move among his fellows. Into their spirits his spirit was infused. They felt the motions of his undaunted courage, and found, in his true words fitly spoken, an inspiration to noble deeds. Give such men to our armies, and having justice on our side, victory is sure to perch upon our banners.

God's soldiers! Men inspired by no thirst of blood—no hatred of their fellow-man—no mere love of danger and mad adventure, but self-devoted for their country; strong and brave from duty; ready to lay down their lives to defend great principles of human rights when assailed. These are they who, in the present great contest, are most needed. Send them forth, true wives, mothers, sisters, maidens! You know them. Lay no restraining hands upon their garments—put no hindrances in their way. God's soldiers must now to the field, for all the powers of hell are moving to destroy the outposts of civil freedom.

POULAILLER THE ROBBER.

A Breton legend said that the devil adopted Poulailler from the hour of his birth.

When a boy is born under auspices which lead his parents to suppose that, while the bodily part of him is safe at home, the spiritual part is subjected to a course of infernal tuition elsewhere—what are his father and mother to do with him? They must do the best they can—which was exactly what Poulailler and his wife did with the hero of this story.

In the first place, they had him christened instantly. It was observed with horror that his infant face was distorted with grimaces, and that his infant voice roared with a preternatural lustiness of tone the moment the priest touched him. "He won't learn any thing," said the master, when he was old enough to go to school. "Thrash him," said Poulailler—and the master thrashed him. "He won't come to his first communion," said the priest. "Thrash him," said Poulailler—and the priest thrashed him. The farmers' orchards were robbed; the neighboring rabbit-warrens were depopulated; linen was stolen from the gardens, and nets were torn on the beach. "The deuce take Poulailler's boy!" was the general cry. "The deuce has got him," was Poulailler's answer. "And yet he is a nice-looking boy," said Madame Poulailler. And he was—as tall, as strong, as handsome a young fellow as could be seen in all France. "Let us pray for him," said Madame Poulailler. "Let us thrash him," said her husband. "Our son has been thrashed till all the sticks in the neighborhood are broken," pleaded his mother. "We will try him with the rope's-end next," retorted his father; "he shall go to sea, and live in an atmosphere of thrashing. Our son shall be a cabin-boy." It was all one to Poulailler Junior—he knew as well as his father who had adopted him—he cared for no earthly discipline—and a cabin-boy he became at ten years old.

After two years of the rope's-end (applied quite ineffectually) the subject of this Memoir robbed his captain, and ran away in an English port. London became the next scene of his adventures. At twelve years old he persuaded society in the Metropolis that he was the forsaken natural son of a French duke. British benevolence, after blindly providing for him for four years, opened its eyes and found him out at the age of sixteen; upon which he returned to France, and entered the army in the capacity of drummer. At eighteen he deserted, and had a turn with the gipsies. He told fortunes, he conjured, he danced on the tight-rope, he acted, he sold quack medicines, he altered his mind again, and returned to the army. Here he fell in love with the vivandière of his new regiment. The sergeant-major of the company, touched by the same amiable weakness, naturally resented his attentions to the lady. Poulailler (perhaps unjustifiably) asserted himself by boxing his officer's ears. Out flashed the swords on both sides, and in went Poulailler's blade through and through the tender heart of the sergeant-major. The frontier was close at hand. Poulailler wiped his sword, and crossed it.

Sentence of death was recorded against him in his absence. When society has condemned us to die, if we are men of any spirit, how are we to return the compliment? By condemning society to keep us alive—or, in other words, by robbing right and left for a living. Poulailler's destiny was now accomplished. He was picked out to be the Greatest Thief of his age; and when Fate summoned him to his place in the world he stepped forward and took it.

His first exploits were performed in Germany. They showed such novelty of combination, such daring, such dexterity, and, even in his most homicidal moments, such irresistible gayety and good-humor, that a band of congenial spirits gathered about him in no time.

On a Monday in the week he had stopped on the highway, and robbed of all his valuables and all his papers, an Italian nobleman—the Marquis Petrucci, of Sienna. On Tuesday, he was ready for another stroke of business. Posted on the top of a steep hill, he watched the road which wound up to the summit on one side, while his followers were ensconced on the road which led down from it on the other. The prize expected, in this case, was the traveling carriage (with a large sum of money inside) of the Baron de Kirbergen.

Before long Poulailler discerned the carriage afar off, at the bottom of the hill, and in advance of it, ascending the eminence, two ladies on foot. They were the Baron's daughters—Wilhelmina, a fair beauty; Frederica, a brunette—both lovely, both accomplished, both susceptible, both young. Poulailler sauntered down the hill to meet the fascinating travelers. He looked, bowed, introduced himself, and fell in love with Wilhelmina on the spot. Both the charming girls acknowledged, in the most artless manner, that confinement to the carriage had given them the fidgets, and that they were walking up the hill to try the remedy of gentle exercise. Poulailler's heart was touched, and Poulailler's generosity to the sex was roused in the nick of time. With a polite apology to the young ladies, he ran back by a short cut to the ambush on the other side of the hill in which his men were posted. "Gentlemen!" cried the generous Thief, "in the charming name of Wilhelmina de Kirbergen, I charge you all, let the Baron's carriage pass free." The band was not susceptible—the band demurred. Poulailler knew them. He had appealed to their hearts in vain—he now appealed to their pockets. "Gentlemen!" he resumed, "excuse my momentary misconception of your sentiments. Here is my one half share of the Marquis Petrucci's property. If I divide it among you will you let the carriage pass free? The band knew the value of money, and accepted the terms. Poulailler rushed back up the hill, and arrived at the top just in time to hand the young ladies into the carriage. "Charming man!" said the white Wilhelmina to the brown Frederica, as they drove off. Innocent soul! what would she have said if she had known that her personal attractions had saved her father's property? Was she ever to see the charming man again? Yes: she was to see him the next day—and, more than that, Fate was hereafter to link her fast to the robber's life and the robber's doom.

Confiding the direction of the band to his first lieutenant, Poulailler followed the carriage on horseback, and ascertained the place of the Baron's residence that night.

The next morning a superbly-dressed stranger knocked at the door. "What name, Sir?" said the servant. "The Marquis Petrucci, of Sienna," replied Poulailler. "How are the young ladies after their journey?" The Marquis was shown in, and introduced to the Baron. The Baron was naturally delighted to receive a brother nobleman—Miss Wilhelmina was modestly happy to see the charming man again—Miss Frederica was affectionately pleased on her sister's account. Not being of a disposition to lose time where his affections were concerned, Poulailler expressed his sentiments to the beloved object that evening. The next morning he had an interview with the Baron, at which he produced the papers which proved him to be the Marquis. Nothing could be more satisfactory to the mind of the most anxious parent—the two noblemen embraced. They were still in each other's arms when a second stranger knocked at the door. "What name, Sir?" said the servant. "The Marquis Petrucci, of Sienna," replied the stranger. "Impossible!" said the servant; "his lordship is now in the house." "Show me in, scoundrel," cried the visitor. The servant submitted, and the two Marquises stood face to face. Poulailler's composure was not shaken in the least; he had come first to the house, and he had got the papers. "You are the villain who robbed me!" cried the true Petrucci. "You are drunk, mad, or an impostor," retorted the false Petrucci. "Send to Florence, where I am known," exclaimed one of the Marquises, apostrophizing the Baron. "Send to Florence by all means," echoed the other, addressing himself to the Baron also. "Gentlemen," replied the noble Kirbergen, "I will do myself the honor of taking your advice"—and he sent to Florence accordingly.

Before the messenger had advanced ten miles on his journey Poulailler had said two words in private to the susceptible Wilhelmina, and the pair eloped from the baronial residence that night. Once more the subject of this Memoir crossed the frontier and re-entered France. Indifferent to the attractions of rural life, he forthwith established himself with the beloved object in Paris. In that superb city he met with his strangest adventures, performed his boldest achievements, committed his most prodigious robberies, and, in a word, did himself and his infernal patron the fullest justice.

Once established in the French metropolis, Poulailler planned and executed that vast system of perpetual robbery and occasional homicide which made him the terror and astonishment of all Paris. In-doors, as well as out, his good fortune befriended him. No domestic anxieties harassed his mind and diverted him from the pursuit of his distinguished public career. The attachment of the charming creature with whom he had eloped from Germany survived the discovery that the Marquis Petrucci was Poulailler the robber. True to the man of her choice, the devoted Wilhelmina shared his fortunes and kept his house. And why not, if she loved him?—in the name of Cupid, why not?

Joined by picked men from his German followers, and by new recruits gathered together in Paris, Poulailler now set society and its safeguards at flat defiance. Cartouche himself was his inferior in audacity and cunning. In course of time the whole city was panic-stricken by the new robber and his band—the very Boulevards were deserted after nightfall. Monsieur Hérault, lieutenant of police of the period, in despair of laying hands on Poulailler by any other means, at last offered a reward of a hundred pistoles and a place in his office worth two thousand livres a year to any one who would apprehend the robber alive. The bills were posted all over Paris—and, the next morning, they produced the very last result in the world which the lieutenant of police could have anticipated.

While Monsieur Hérault was at breakfast in his study, the Count de Villeneuve was announced as wishing to speak to him. Knowing the Count by name only, as belonging to an ancient family in Provence, or in Languedoc, Monsieur Hérault ordered him to be shown in. A perfect gentleman appeared, dressed with an admirable mixture of magnificence and good taste. "I have something for your private ear, Sir," said the Count. "Will you give orders that no one must be allowed to disturb us?" Monsieur Hérault gave the orders. "May I inquire, Count, what your business is?" he asked, when the door was closed. "To earn the reward you offered for taking Poulailler," answered the Count. "I am Poulailler." Before Monsieur Hérault could open his lips the robber produced a pretty little dagger and some rose-col-

ored silk cord. "The point of this dagger is poisoned," he observed; "and one scratch with it, my dear Sir, would be the death of you." With these words, Poulailler gagged the lieutenant of police, bound him to his chair with the rose-colored cord, and lightened his writing-desk of one thousand pistoles. "I'll take money down, instead of taking the place in the office which you kindly offer," said Poulailler. "Don't trouble yourself to see me to the door. Good-morning!"

A few weeks later, while Monsieur Hérault was still the popular subject of ridicule throughout Paris, business took Poulailler on the road to Lille and Cambrai. The only inside passenger in the coach besides himself was the venerable Dean Potter, of Brussels. They fell into talk on the one interesting subject of the time—not the weather, but Poulailler. "It's a disgrace, Sir, to the police," said the Dean, "that such a miscreant is still at large. I shall be returning to Paris, by this road, in ten days' time, and I shall call on Monsieur Hérault to suggest a plan of my own for catching the scoundrel." "May I ask what it is?" said Poulailler. "Excuse me," replied the Dean; "you are a stranger, Sir—and, moreover, I wish to keep the merit of suggesting the plan to myself." "Do you think the lieutenant of police will see you?" asked Poulailler; "he is not accessible to strangers since the miscreant you speak of played him that trick at his own breakfast-table." "He will see Dean Potter, of Brussels," was the reply, delivered with the slightest possible tinge of offended dignity. "Oh, unquestionably!" said Poulailler—"pray pardon me." "Willingly, Sir," said the Dean—and the conversation flowed into other channels.

Nine days later the wounded pride of Monsieur Hérault was soothed by a very remarkable letter. It was signed by one of Poulailler's band, who offered himself as King's evidence, in the hope of obtaining a pardon. The letter stated that the venerable Dean Potter had been waylaid and murdered by Poulailler, and that the robber, with his customary audacity, was about to re-enter Paris by the Lisle coach, the next day, disguised in the Dean's own clothes, and furnished with the Dean's own papers. Monsieur Hérault took his precautions without losing a moment. Picked men were stationed, with their orders, at the barrier through which the coach must pass to enter Paris; while the lieutenant of police waited at his office, in the company of two French gentlemen who could speak to the Dean's identity, in the event of Poulailler's impudently persisting in the assumption of his victim's name. At the appointed hour the coach appeared, and out of it got a man in the Dean's costume. He was arrested in spite of his protestations; the papers of the murdered Potter were found on him, and he was dragged off to the police-office in triumph. The door opened, and the posse comitatus entered with the prisoner. Instantly the two witnesses burst out with a cry of recognition, and turned indignantly on the lieutenant of police. "Gracious Heaven, Sir, what have you done!" they exclaimed in horror; "this is not Poulailler—here is our venerable friend; here is the Dean himself!" At the same moment a servant entered with a letter. "Dean Potter. To the care of Monsieur Hérault, Lieutenant of Police." The letter was expressed in these words: "Venerable Sir,—Profit by the lesson I have given you. Be a Christian for the future, and never again try to injure a man unless he tries to injure you. Entirely yours, Poulailler."

These feats of cool audacity were matched by others, in which his generosity to the sex asserted itself as magnanimously as ever.

Hearing, one day, that large sums of money were kept in the house of a great lady, one Madame de Brienne, whose door was guarded, in anticipation of a visit from the famous thief, by a porter of approved trust-worthiness and courage, Poulailler undertook to rob her in spite of her precautions, and succeeded. With a stout pair of leather straps and buckles in his pocket, and with two of his band, disguised as a coachman and footman, he followed Madame de Brienne one night to the theatre. Just before the close of the performance the lady's coachman and footman were tempted away for five minutes by Poulailler's disguised subordinates to have a glass of wine. No attempt was made to detain them, or to drug their liquor. But, in their absence, Poulailler had slipped under the carriage, had hung his leather straps round the pole—one to hold by, and one to support his feet—and, with these simple preparations, was now ready to await for events. Madame de Brienne entered the carriage—the footman got up behind—Poulailler hung himself horizontally under the pole, and was driven home with them, under those singular circumstances. He was strong enough to keep his position, after the carriage had been taken into the coach-house; and he only left it when the doors were locked for the night. Provided with food beforehand, he waited patiently, hidden in the coach-house, for two days and nights, watching his opportunity of getting into Madame de Brienne's boudoir.

On the third night the lady went to a grand ball—the servants relaxed in their vigilance while her back was turned—and Poulailler slipped into the room. He found two thousand louis d'ors, which was nothing like the sum he expected; and a pocket-book, which he took away with him to open at home. It contained some stock-warrants for a comparatively trifling amount. Poulailler was far too well off to care about taking them, and far too polite, where a lady was concerned, not to send them back again, under those circumstances. Accordingly, Madame de Brienne received her warrants with a note of apology from the polite thief. "Pray excuse my visit to your charming boudoir," wrote Poulailler, "in consideration of the false reports of your wealth, which alone induced me to enter it. If I had known what your pecuniary circumstances really were, on the honor of a gentleman, Madame, I should have been incapable of robbing you. I can not return your two thousand louis d'ors by post, as I return your warrants. But if you are at all pressed for money in future, I shall be proud to assist so distinguished a lady by lending her, from my own ample resources, double the sum of which I regret to have deprived her on the present occasion."

On another occasion Poulailler was out one night taking the air and watching his opportunities on the roofs of the houses, a member of the band being posted in the street below to assist him in case of necessity. While in this position, sobs and groans proceeding from an open back-garret window caught his ear. A parapet rose before the window, which enabled him to climb down and look in. Starving children surrounding a helpless mother and clamoring for food, was the picture that met his eye. The mother was young and beautiful; and Poulailler's hand impulsively clutched his purse, as a necessary consequence. Before the charitable thief could enter by the window a man rushed in by the door, with a face of horror, and cast a handful of gold into the lovely mother's lap. "My honor is gone," he cried, "but our children are saved! Listen to the circumstances. I met a man in the street below; he was tall and thin; he had a green patch over one eye; he was looking up suspiciously at this house, apparently waiting for somebody. I thought of you—I thought of the children—I seized the suspicious stranger by the collar. Terror overwhelmed him on the spot. 'Take my watch, my money, and my two valuable gold snuff-boxes,' he said, 'but spare my life.' I took them." "Noble-hearted man!" cried Poulailler, appearing at the window. The husband started; the wife screamed; the children hid themselves. "Let me entreat you to be composed," continued Poulailler. "Sir, I enter on the scene for the purpose of soothing your uneasy conscience. From your vivid description I recognize the man whose property is now in your wife's lap. Resume your mental tranquillity. You have robbed a robber—in other words, you have vindicated society. Accept my congratulations on your restored innocence. The miserable coward whose collar you seized is one of Poulailler's band. He has lost his stolen property as the fit punishment for his disgraceful want of spirit." "Who are you?" exclaimed the husband. "I am Poulailler," replied the illustrious man, with the simplicity of an ancient hero. "Take this purse, and set up in business with the contents. There is a prejudice, Sir, in favor of honesty. Give that prejudice a chance. There was a time when I felt it myself; I regret to feel it no longer. Under all varieties of misfortune an honest man has his consolation still left. Where is it left? Here!" He struck his heart—and the family fell on their knees before him. "Benefactor of your species!" cried the husband, "how can I show my gratitude?" "You can permit me to kiss the hand of Madame," answered Poulailler. Madame started to her feet and embraced the generous stranger. "What else can I do?" exclaimed this lovely woman, eagerly—oh, Heavens! what else?" "You can beg your husband to light me down stairs," replied Poulailler. He spoke, pressed their hands, dropped a generous tear, and departed.

This last anecdote closes the record of Poulailler's career in Paris. The lighter and more agreeable aspects of that career have hitherto been designedly presented, in discreet remembrance of the contrast which the tragic side of the picture must now present. Comedy and Sentiment, twin sisters of French extraction, farewell! Horror enters next on the stage, and enters welcome.

The nature of Poulailler's more serious achievements in the art of robbery may be realized by reference to one terrible fact. In the police records of the period more than one hundred and fifty men and women are reckoned up as having met their deaths at the hands of Poulailler and his band. It was not the practice of this formidable robber to take life as well as property, unless life happened to stand directly in his way; in which case he immediately swept off the obstacle without hesitation and without remorse. His deadly determination to rob, which was thus felt by the population in general, was matched by his deadly determination to be obeyed, which was felt by his followers in particular. One of their number, for example, having withdrawn from his allegiance, and having afterward attempted to betray his leader, was tracked to his hiding-place in a cellar, and was there walled-up alive.

To attempt the arrest of such a man as this by tampering with his followers was impossible. If he had not unconsciously paved the way to his own capture, first by eloping with Mademoiselle Wilhelmina de Kirbergen, and secondly by maltreating her, it is more than doubtful whether the long arm of the law would ever have reached far enough to fasten its grasp on him. As it was, the extremes of love and hatred met at last in the bosom of the devoted Wilhelmina; and the vengeance of a neglected woman accomplished what the whole police force of Paris had been powerless to achieve.

Poulailler, never famous for the constancy of his attachments, had wearied at an early period of the companion of his flight from Germany—but Wilhelmina was one of those women whose affections, once aroused, will not take No for an answer. She persisted in attaching herself to a man who had ceased to love her. Poulailler's patience became exhausted; he tried twice to rid himself of his unhappy mistress—once by the knife and once by poison—and failed on both occasions. For the third and last time, by way of attempting an experiment of another kind, he established a rival to drive the German woman out of the house. From that moment his fate was sealed. Maddened by jealous rage, Wilhelmina cast the last fragments of her fondness to the winds. She secretly communicated with the police—and Poulailler met his doom.

A night was appointed with the authorities, and the robber was invited by his discarded mistress to a farewell interview. His contemptuous confidence in her fidelity rendered him careless of his customary precautions. He accepted the appointment; and the two supped together, on the understanding that they were henceforth to be friends, and nothing more. Toward the close of the meal Poulailler was startled by a ghastly change in the face of his companion.

"What is wrong with you?" he asked.

"A mere trifle," she answered, looking at her glass of wine. "I can't help loving you still, badly as you have treated me. You are a dead man, Poulailler—and I shall not survive you."

The robber started to his feet, and seized a knife on the table.

"You have poisoned me!" he exclaimed.

"No," she replied. "Poison is my vengeance on myself—not my vengeance on *you*. You will rise from this table as you sat down to it. But your evening will be finished in prison; and your life will be ended on the Wheel."

As she spoke the words the door was burst open by the police, and Poulailler was secured. The same night the poison did its fatal work; and his mistress made atonement with her life for the first last act of treachery which had revenged her on the man she loved.

Once safely lodged in the hands of justice, the robber tried to gain time to escape in by promising to make important disclosures. The manœuvre availed him nothing. In those days the Laws of the Land had not yet made acquaintance with the Laws of Humanity. Poulailler was put to the torture—was suffered to recover—was publicly broken on the Wheel—and was taken off it alive to be cast into a blazing fire. By those murderous means Society rid itself of a murderous man, and the idlers on the Boulevards took their evening stroll again in recovered security.

LILY.

IN that part of Virginia where the scenery is wild and grand, and the districts thinly settled, in an old and lonely house, lived a widow lady by the name of Fairfax. An only son and herself composed the whole household, with the usual retinue of house-servants and field-hands, for Mr. Fairfax died soon after the family returned to the old homestead.

Randolph Fairfax was a bright lad of fourteen when his father died—a bright, handsome lad, but wild, and full of boyish pranks. There was something very winning in his high spirit and joyous face; but it used to trouble those who were interested in him to see how completely his mother was under his thumb—led around hither and yon, yielding to Randolph's every caprice, smiling at his nonsense and mischief, no matter what were the results, as if it were something to admire rather than to check; but she was very loving, and losing her husband made her tender and easy with her boy. It was a great mistake that such a fine lad as he should have been allowed his own way in every thing—never made to study—never trained to an active, industrious pursuit, but permitted to grow as vines do in the woods, twining themselves where they please. Was it any wonder that Randolph became dictatorial, and the servants servile? They winked at his misdemeanors, and he, in return, loaded them with gifts; yet they loved him too, for he had a frank, merry way with him, for all his high-handed and commanding manner, amounting to imperiousness.

In this desultory way he grew to be a man of twenty—boyish enough though, still. At that time a cousin of Mrs. Fairfax from New Orleans came to visit them, bringing two or three servants with her—one, a beautiful quadroon, so white that she was called Lily. This girl pleased the fancy of Mrs. Fairfax, and when the cousin went away she begged Mrs. Fairfax to keep Lily as a souvenir of her visit.

Of course Mrs. Fairfax was delighted; and Lily, too, was much pleased, as she was an orphan, and had no ties in New Orleans. She was the nicest and tidiest servant imaginable, and although ostensibly maid to Mrs. Fairfax, she soon proved herself so capable that there was hardly any thing she did not turn her hand to. Never had the paint looked so clean, the windows so bright, the curtains so spotless, nor the whole air of the house so comfortable till Lily held sway. She made the negroes work, and she worked just as hard herself, always dressed jauntily and neatly, and always singing as she moved about like an industrious bee.

Randolph was getting wilder than ever, and Lily seemed to be the only one who could influence him. He thought the world of her, and it was no wonder the poor girl's heart was in danger. She always shielded him in his scrapes—for he tried to have some consideration for his mother—so Lily was generally the pacificator.

Randolph taught Lily to read, and often when she was at work in his mother's room he would bring in the papers and books to read aloud, entirely for Lily's benefit, as Mrs. Fairfax was getting very deaf, though she did dislike to acknowledge it, and listened as if she heard every word.

Randolph used to meet Lily in the woods, and take long walks with her, and, indeed, acted as if he had quite forgotten that her position was the humblest one on earth—that of a slave. It was wrong, very wrong; but Mrs. Fairfax was *so* easy and indolent, never daring to interfere with her son's pleasure, or not liking the exertion of combating his tastes.

About a year or so passed away. Lily had been absent on a visit, so it was said, of several weeks. One morning there was rather a stormy scene between Mrs. Fairfax and her son in her room. It was very unusual: she was seldom roused to remonstrance, and even then she seemed to be begging a simple request as if it were a great favor.

"Oh, do go, Randolph! will you not?" she implored.

"Well," said he, "if you promise to treat her the same as ever—show no difference in your manner—I will go."

"Yes, Randolph, I am willing; but it is a terrible disgrace."

A mocking laugh answered her.

"Randolph, my son, do you wish to kill me with unkindness?"

"Oh no, mother; but you look upon an every-day affair too solemnly."

"Dear, dear! Well, I do not mean to be harsh, Randolph." That was the customary finale to her weakest suggestion of reproof.

"So I am to go to Philadelphia next month and begin my studies?"

"Yes; and who knows but what you may be *the* physician of our State?"

Again Randolph laughed his derisive laugh. It was not to be wondered at. If the boy were father to the man, he would never deny himself pleasure long enough to win fame.

Lily came home, pale and weak, with a little child in her arms.

No one would have believed she had ever been a gay, light-hearted girl, she was so sad and wobegone, so dull and spiritless; her large, lustrous eyes were dim with tears, and she went round the house in a listless, indifferent way.

The other servants did not dare to say any thing, but their looks were disagreeable enough. There was one man, the coachman, black as the ace of spades, who had tried to be very gallant to Lily, but whom she had always disdained to notice; he scowled worse than any of them.

Ah! it was pitiable to see poor Lily, so dejected and forlorn, working as busily as ever, but never singing any more, and rarely smiling. Her little child grew prettier every day, and its mother seemed to care for nothing else. She avoided Randolph as if he had been a rattlesnake, never even speaking to him if she could help it. He went to Philadelphia, but in a few months came home again, tired of the medical school, as might easily have been predicted.

One windy night, when the forest trees were bending and swaying about, the old house creaking and groaning, the shutters torn loose from their fastenings, and the wind screaming through the keyholes, Lily, lying wide awake in her little room near her mistress's apartment, thought she heard a tapping on her window-pane. She often lay awake all night, and had become used to singular sounds; so she was not frightened, but rose with her child in her arms, and looked out. It was nearly morning, and in the grayish light stood Randolph with hat and cloak on.

"Lily," said he, "I am going away in the early stage, and I thought I'd bid you good-by."

"Well?" said she, in the coldest tone, but with a hidden grief and pain under that calm exterior.

"Is that all you care? Then I need not have come, it seems. You seem to think I am an ogre," he continued.

"Oh, Randolph, don't talk so to me. I am sometimes tempted to put an end to my existence. Don't taunt me."

"I am not taunting you, Lily; but you are unkind, you never even speak to me."

Again she repressed her feelings, and he said some kind, tender things to her; but she clasped her fretting child closer, and shook her head sadly. At last he said:

"Well, Lily, as you may hear it rather roughly, I may as well tell you."

She looked up in alarm.

"Don't be frightened; I will always see that you are kindly treated."

"My child! my child!" she almost screamed.

"Hush, hush, little simpleton, no one wants your child. I only came to tell you that I am going away to be married. Good-by!" And he bounded over the fence and was gone.

Lily sank down on her bed with her crying child, clasping it even tighter though *that* fear was past. Tears slowly rolled down her face; but as she had been heart-broken before, the weight of her unhappiness could not well be heavier. No one saw that she was any different after that; but what a poor, crushed life was hers!

It was true—Randolph had gone to be married to a lovely Philadelphian; so said Mrs. Fairfax, and in a few weeks would bring his bride home.

What a time there was preparing for the young married people; such sweeping, and dusting, and rubbing, and cooking!

The day came when Mr. Fairfax was expected; game and jellies, creams and cakes, filled all the tables. The old willow-pattern punch-bowl smiled to find itself so full, and looked condescendingly down at the egg-nog, frothy and delicious, beside it.

The best foot of every thing was put foremost, and visitors were arriving constantly.

The old lady had told Lily to arrange flowers in the bride's dressing-room, and she was standing at the mirror wreathing the candle-brackets, her apron looped up and full of flowers, when a lovely girl came in laughing; her eyes were blue, her hair a soft brown, and she looked so happy and beautiful that Lily paused to admire her—just as an unhappy person will be fascinated by one who seems sorrow free.

"Is this Mrs. Fairfax?" asked Lily.

The sweet young thing laughed, and answered: "Yes, though I hardly know myself yet by that name. Oh, what lovely flowers! Do arrange some in my hair."

Lily assisted her off with her bonnet and traveling dress, and attired her in an exquisite, pearly silk; her curls just touched her snowy shoulders, while around the coil of braids Lily wove a wreath of white and faintly pink rosebuds.

The servant stood, of course, behind her young mistress, who handed the roses, one by one, to her. The last one pricked her finger.

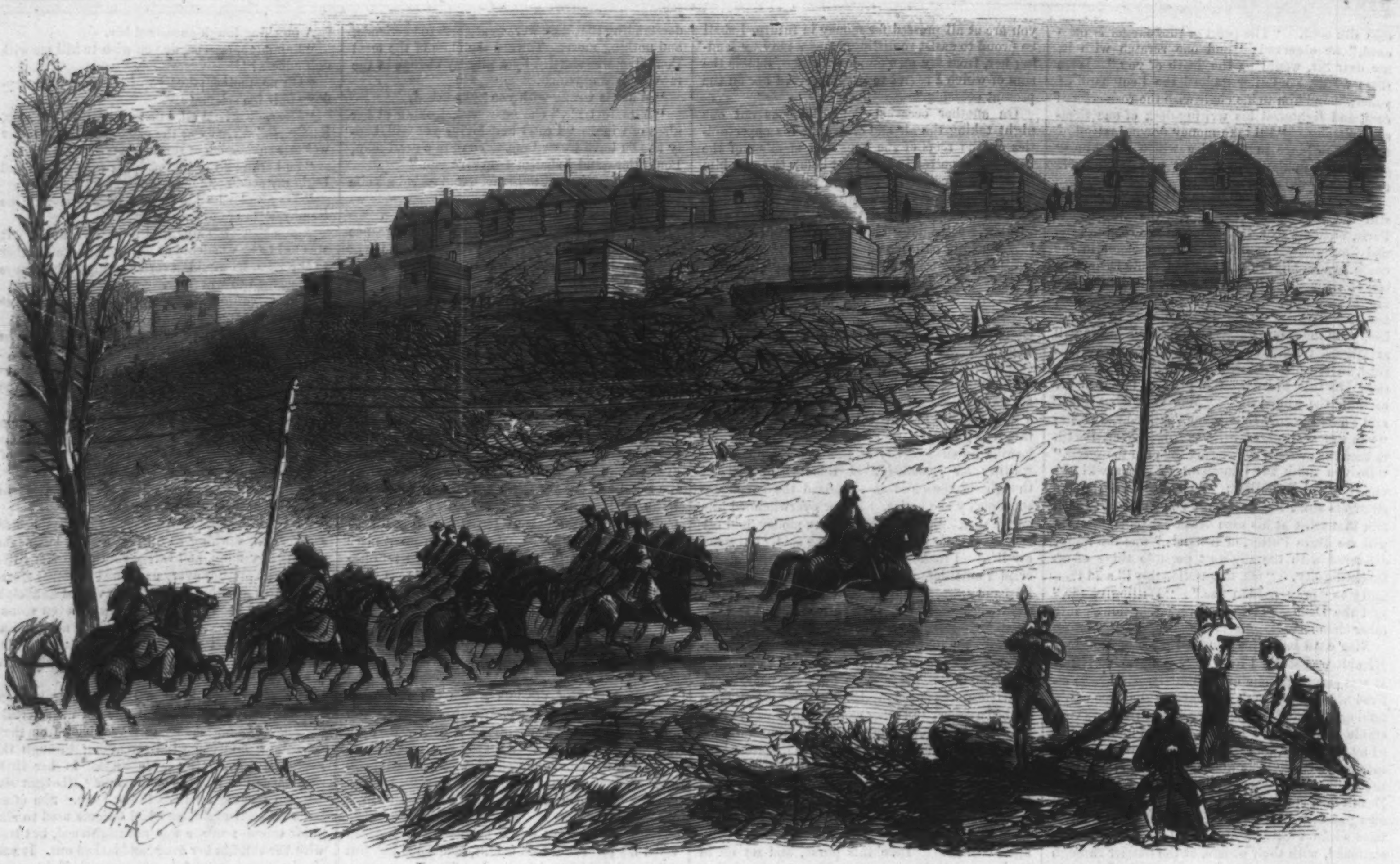
"Ah, lady, all roses have thorns," said Lily, sadly.

"And all pleasures their alloy, of course," said Mrs. Fairfax, wiping her pretty finger. Just then Randolph appeared at the door.

"Ah, what a lovely picture!" he said, casually.

"Only needing you, dear, to perfect it," said his wife, putting her round, white arm in his and leading him away.

Lily was very pale, and a fearful light flashed



WINTER-QUARTERS OF THE FOURTEENTH MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEERS—GARRISON OF FORTS ALBANY AND RUNYON.

in her eye. Who could tell what dreadful thoughts were lurking in her poor mind?

Randolph's wild oats seemed to have rendered the soil of his heart too unfruitful to bear even the commonest virtues. He was no longer the joyous, bright-faced boy of former years. He even tired of his young and lovely wife. Long days she sat alone, with Lily and old Mrs. Fairfax; for Lily was as useful as ever. She seemed to have conquered the demon of jealousy, which had prompted revengeful feelings, and under the religious teaching of her mistress she was becoming patient and resigned.

I have mentioned that there was an ugly fellow, the coachman, who had been gallant, or tried to be, to poor Lily. Just as she was regaining peace of mind he made new overtures, which she indignantly rejected. In sheer spite and malicious wickedness he managed to convey to young Mrs. Fairfax the history of the year previous to her coming to her Virginia home. It nearly killed her; she became very ill. Randolph sold the man; but now that his secret was out he became more and more reckless, riding fast and drinking hard—what a changed man he was!

All during young Mrs. Fairfax's illness Lily had been kept out of the room; indeed, she knew enough to stay out, much as she loved the gentle girl who had been so kind to her. She had been sitting on a fallen tree, just beyond the garden-gate, one day, her child playing with grass and pebbles, when she saw a horse come dashing up the road. She seized the child just in time to save him; but a glance at the empty saddle was sufficient to confirm her worst fears. Hastily running in the house she told the news; the servants started out, but soon returned, bringing the lifeless body of Randolph Fairfax. He had been thrown, probably while intoxicated, and instant death must have ensued the blow which his head had received.

Ah, what a scene of misery was there in that lonely old house in the Virginian forest! The rooms were resonant of sobs; the servants were like children in their unrestrained grief. Old Mrs. Fairfax was frantic; and Lily, almost beside herself, was the only one fit to attend to her young mistress, who had heard the terrible sounds, and insisted upon knowing the truth. Lily had to break the news, but the shock was too great; swoon succeeded swoon in fearful rapidity. Toward midnight she became conscious, but it was evident she was dying. Calling Lily to her, the sweet young creature put out her hand to her.

"Come here, Lily, come here! I have felt very wrongly toward you."

Lily made no answer; but on her knees by the bedside buried her face in the clothes, weeping bitterly.

"We must both forgive him, Lily."

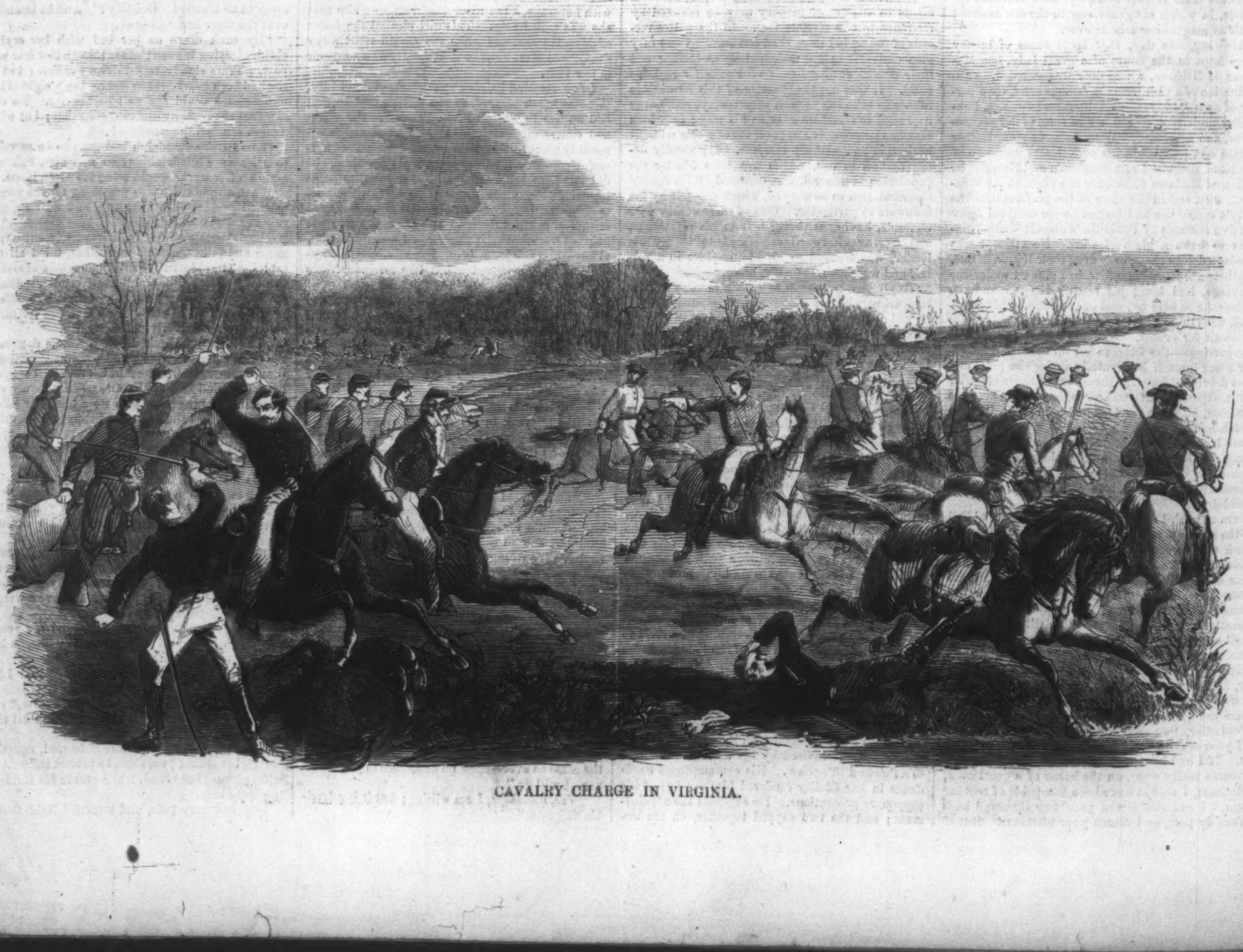
Only a low groan and a quivering sigh.

"Lily, look up in my face. I can not die tranquilly until I know that you will try to feel no bitterness in your heart, and that you will forgive my want of charity—for I felt very wrongly toward you."

Lily looked up in the sweet face, growing paler, the soft blue eyes, drooping with the sleep which would cease her sorrow; eagerly she grasped that outstretched, soft, white hand, and bathed it with her tears and kisses. The blue eyes closed; the faint breath faltered and ceased; the glowing hopes of life had taken wing before—with one slight hand, even heavy with its wedding-ring, lying on her motionless breast, the other in poor Lily's, that life had ended.

In the room beneath, alone and stiffened in the rigidity of death, with all his sins upon him, the sins fostered by indulgence, lay Randolph Fairfax.

I have little more to add; for Lily and the old lady lived on in that lonely house quietly enough after all that misery. When old Mrs. Fairfax died she gave Lily free papers for herself and her son, which, with a small sum of money, enabled them to go to Canada.



CAVALRY CHARGE IN VIRGINIA.

THE "COLD SNAP" IN 1862—ICE IN THE EAST RIVER.

A STRANGE STORY.

By Sir E. BULWER LYTTON.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER LXXIV.

My Work, my Philosophical Work—the ambitious hope of my intellectual life—how eagerly I returned to it again! Far away from my household grief, far away from my haggard perplexities. Neither a Lilian nor a Margrave there!

As I went over what I had before written, each link in its chain of reasoning seemed so serried, that to alter one were to derange all: and the whole reasoning was so opposed to the possibility of the wonders I myself had experienced, so hostile to the subtle hypotheses of a Faber, or the childlike belief of an Amy, that I must have destroyed the entire work if I had admitted such contradictions to its design!

But the work was I myself! I, in my solid, sober, healthful mind, before the brain had been perplexed by a phantom. Were phantoms to be allowed as testimonies against science? No; in returning to my Book I returned to my former Me!

How strange is that contradiction between our being as man and our being as author! Take any writer enamored of a system—a thousand things may happen to him every day which might shake his faith in that system; and while he moves about as mere man, his faith *is* shaken. But when he settles himself back into his old fleshless form of author, the mere act of taking pen in hand and smoothing the paper before him restores his speculations to their ancient mechanical train. The system, the beloved system, reasserts its tyrannic sway, and he either ignores, or moulds into fresh proofs of his theory as author, all which, an hour before, had given his theory the lie in his living perceptions as man.

I adhered to my system: I continued my work. Here, in the barbarous desert, was a link between me and the Cities of Europe. All else might break down under me. The love I had dreamed of was blotted out from the world and might never be restored; my hearth might be lonely, my life be an exile's. My reason might at last give way before the spectres which awed my senses, or the sorrows which stormed my heart. But here, at least, was a monument of my rational, thoughtful Me—of my individualized identity in multiform creation. And my mind, in the noon of its force, would shed its light on the earth when my form was resolved to its elements. Alas! in this very yearning for the Hereafter, though but the Hereafter of a Name, could I see only the craving of Mind, and hear not the whisper of Soul?

The avocations of a colonist, usually so active, had little interest for me. This vast territorial lordship, in which, could I have endeared its possession by the hopes that animate a Founder, I should have felt all the zest and the pride of ownership, was but the run of a common to the passing emigrant, who would leave no sons to inherit the tardy products of his labor. I was not goaded to industry by the stimulus of need. I could only be ruined if I risked all my capital in the attempt to improve. I lived, therefore, among my fertile pastures, as careless of culture as the English occupant of the Highland moor, which he rents for the range of its solitudes.

I knew, indeed, that if ever I became avaricious, I might swell my modest affluence into absolute wealth. I had revisited the spot in which I had discovered the nugget of gold, and had found the precious metal in rich abundance just under the first coverings of the alluvial soil. I concealed my discovery from all. I knew that did I proclaim it, the charm of my Bush-life would be gone. My fields would be infested by all the wild adventurers who gather to gold as the vultures of prey round a carcass; my servants would desert me, my very flocks would be shepherdless!

Months again rolled on months. I had just approached the close of my beloved Work when it was again suspended, and by an anguish keener than all which I had previously known.

Lilian became alarmingly ill. Her state of health, long gradually declining, had hitherto admitted checkered intervals of improvement, and exhibited no symptoms of actual danger. But now she was seized with a kind of chronic fever, attended with absolute privation of sleep, an aversion to even the lightest nourishment, and an acute nervous susceptibility to all the outward impressions, of which she had long seemed so unconscious; morbidly alive to the faintest sound, shrinking from the light as from a torture. Her previous impatience at my entrance into her room became aggravated into vehement emotions, convulsive paroxysms of distress. So that Faber banished me from her chamber, and, with a heart bleeding at every fibre, I submitted to the cruel sentence.

Faber had taken up his abode in my house and brought Amy with him; one or the other never left Lilian, night or day. The great physician spoke doubtfully of the case, but not despairingly.

"Remember," he said, "that, in spite of the want of sleep, the abstinence from food, the form has not wasted as it would do were this fever inevitably mortal. It is upon that phenomenon I build a hope that I have not been mistaken in the opinion I hazarded from the first. We are now in the midst of the critical struggle between life and reason; if she preserve the one, my conviction is that she will regain the other. That seeming antipathy to yourself is a good omen. You are inseparably associated with her intellectual world; in proportion as she revives to it, must become vivid and powerful the reminiscences of the shock that annulled for a time that world to her. So I welcome rather than fear the over-acuteness of the awakening senses to external sights and sounds. A few days will decide if I am right. In this climate the progress of acute maladies is swift, but the recovery from them is yet more startlingly rapid and complete. Wait—endure—be prepared to submit to the will of Heaven; but do not despond of its mercy."

I rushed away from the consoler—away into the thick of the forests, the heart of the solitude. All around me there was joyous with life; the locusts sang amidst the herbage; the cranes gamboled on the banks of the creek; the squirrel-like opossums frolicked on the feathery boughs. "And what," said I to myself—"what if that which seems so fabulous in the distant being, whose existence has bewitched my own, be substantially true? What if to some potent medicament Margrave owes his glorious vitality, his radiant youth? Oh! that I had not so disdainfully turned away from his hinted solicitations—to what?—to nothing guiltier than lawful experiment. Had I been less devoted a bigot to this vain schoolcraft, which we call the Medical Art, and which, alone in this age of science, has made no perceptible progress since the days of its earliest teachers—had I said in the true humility of genuine knowledge, 'these alchemists were men of genius and thought; we owe to them nearly all the grand hints of our chemical science—is it likely that they would have been wholly drivelers and idiots in the one faith they clung to the most?'—had I said that, I might now have no fear of losing my Lilian. Why, after all, should there not be in Nature one primary essence, one master substance, in which is stored the specific nutriment of life?"

Thus incoherently muttering to the woods what my pride of reason would not have suffered me gravely to say to my fellow-men, I fatigued my tormented spirits into a gloomy calm, and mechanically retraced my steps at the decline of day. I seated myself at the door of my solitary log-hut, leaning my cheek upon my hand and musing. Wearily I looked up, roused by a discord of clattering hoofs and lumbering wheels on the hollow-sounding grass track. A crazy, groaning vehicle, drawn by four horses, emerged from the copse of gum-trees—fast, fast along the road, which no such pompous vehicle had traversed since that which had borne me—luxurious satrap for an early colonist—to my lodge in the wilderness. What emigrant rich enough to squander, in the hire of such an equipage, more than its cost in England, could thus be entering on my waste domain? An ominous thrill shot through me.

The driver—perhaps some broken-down son of luxury in the Old World, fit for nothing in the New World but to ply for hire the task that might have led to his ruin when plied in sport—stopped at the door of my hut, and called out, "Friend, is not this the great Fenwick Section? and is not yonder long pile of building the Master's house?"

Before I could answer I heard a faint voice within the vehicle speaking to the driver; the last nodded, descended from his seat, opened the carriage-door, and offered his arm to a man, who, waving aside the proffered aid, descended slowly and feebly; paused a moment as if for breath, and then, leaning on his staff, walked from the road, across the sward rank with luxuriant herbage, through the little gate in the new-set fragrant wattle-fence, wearily, languidly, halting often, till he stood facing me, leaning both wan, emaciated hands upon his staff, and his meagre form shrinking deep within the folds of a cloak lined thick with costly sables. His face was sharp, his complexion of a livid yellow, his eyes shone out from their hollowed orbits, unnaturally enlarged and fatally bright. Thus, in ghastly contrast to his former splendor of youth and opulence of life, Margrave stood before me.

"I come to you," said Margrave, in accents hoarse and broken, "from the shores of the East. Give me shelter and rest. I have that to say which will more than repay you."

Whatever till that moment my hate and my fear of this unexpected visitant, hate would have been inhumanity, fear a meanness, conceived for a creature so awfully stricken down.

Silently, involuntarily, I led him into the house. There he rested a few minutes with closed eyes and painful gasps for breath. Meanwhile the driver brought from the carriage a traveling-bag and a small wooden chest or coffer, strongly banded with iron clamps. Margrave, looking up as the man drew near, exclaimed, fiercely, "Who told you to touch that chest? How dare you? Take it from that man, Fenwick! Place it here—here by my side!"

I took the chest from the driver, whose rising anger at being so imperiously rated in the land of democratic equality was appeased by the gold which Margrave lavishly flung to him.

"Take care of the poor gentleman, squire," he whispered to me in the spontaneous impulse of gratitude; "I fear he will not trouble you long. He must be monstrous rich. Arrived in a vessel hired all to himself, and a train of outlandish attendants, whom he has left behind in the town yonder! May I bait my horses in your stables? They have come a long way."

I pointed to the neighboring stables, and the man nodded his thanks, remounted his box, and drove off.

I returned to Margrave. A faint smile came to his lips as I placed the chest beside him.

"Ay, ay!" he muttered. "Safe, safe! I shall soon be well again—very soon! And now I can sleep in peace!"

I led him into an inner room, in which there was a bed. He threw himself on it with a loud sigh of relief. Soon, half raising himself on his elbow, he exclaimed, "The chest—bring it hither! I need it always beside me! There, there! Now a few hours of sleep; and then, if I can take food, or some such restoring cordial as your skill may suggest, I shall be strong enough to talk. We will talk!—we will talk!"

His eyes closed heavily as his voice fell into a drowsy mutter. A moment more and he was asleep.

I watched beside him in mingled wonder and compassion. Looking into that face so altered, yet still so young, I could not sternly question what had been the evil of that mystic life, which seemed now oozing away through the last sands in the hour-glass. I placed my hand softly on his pulse: it scarcely beat. I put my ear to his breast, and involuntarily sighed as I distinguished in its fluttering heave that dull, dumb sound in which the heart seems knelling itself to the greedy grave!

Was this indeed the potent magician whom I had so feared? This the guide to the Rosicrucian's secret of life's renewal, in whom but an hour or two ago my fancies gulled my credulous trust?

But suddenly, even while thus chiding my wild superstitions, a fear that to most will seem scarcely less superstitious, shot across me. Could Lilian be affected by the near neighborhood of one to whose magnetic influence she had once been so strangely subjected? I left Margrave still sleeping, closed and locked the door of the hut, went back to my dwelling, and met Amy at the threshold. Her smile was so cheering that I felt at once relieved.

"Hush!" said the child, putting her finger to her lips, "she is so quiet! I was coming in search of you, with a message from her."

"From Lilian to me—what! to me?"

"Hush! About an hour ago she beckoned me to draw near to her, and then said, very softly, 'Tell Allen that light is coming back to me, and it all settles on him—on him. Tell him that I pray to be spared to walk by his side on earth, hand-in-hand to that heaven which is no dream, Amy. Tell him that—no dream.'"

While the child spoke my tears gushed, and the strong hands in which I veiled my face quivered like the leaf of the aspen. And when I could command my voice I said, plaintively,

"May I not, then, see her?—only for a moment, and answer her message, though but by a look?"

"No, no!"

"No! Where is Faber?"

"Gone into the forest, in search of some herbs, but he gave me this note for you."

I wiped the blinding tears from my eyes, and read these lines:

"I have, though with hesitation, permitted Amy to tell you the cheering words, by which our beloved patient confirms my belief that reason is coming back to her—slowly, laboringly, but, if she survive, for permanent restoration. On no account attempt to precipitate or disturb the work of Nature. As dangerous as a sudden glare of light to eyes long blind and newly regaining vision, in the friendly and soothing dark, would be the agitation that your presence at this crisis would cause. Confide in me."

I remained brooding over these lines and over Lilian's message long and silently, while Amy's soothing whispers stole into my ear, soft as the murmurs of a rill heard in the gloom of forests. Rousing myself at length, my thoughts returned to Margrave. Doubtless he would soon awake. I bade Amy bring me such slight nutriment as I thought best suited to his enfeebled state, telling her it was for a sick traveler resting himself in my hut. When Amy returned I took from her the little basket with which she was charged, and having meanwhile made a careful selection from the contents of my medicine-chest, went back to the hut. I had not long resumed my place beside Margrave's pillow before he awoke.

"What o'clock is it?" he asked, with an anxious voice.

"About seven."

"Not later? That is well; my time is precious."

"Compose yourself and eat."

I placed the food before him, and he partook of it, though sparingly, and as if with effort. He then dozed for a short time, again woke up, and impatiently demanded the cordial, which I had prepared in the mean while. Its effect was greater and more immediate than I could have anticipated, proving, perhaps, how much of youth there was still left in his system, however undermined and ravaged by disease. Color came back to his cheek, his voice grew perceptibly stronger. And as I lighted the lamp on the table near us—for it was growing dark—he gathered himself up, and spoke thus:

"You remember that I once pressed on you certain experiments. My object then was to discover the materials from which is extracted the specific that enables the organs of life to expel disease and regain vigor. In that hope I sought your intimacy. An intimacy you gave, but withdrew."

"Dare you complain? Who and what was the being from whose intimacy I shrunk appalled?"

"Ask what questions you please," cried Margrave, impatiently, "later—if I have strength left to answer them. But do not interrupt me while I husband my force to say what alone is important to me and to you. Disappointed in the hopes I had placed in you, I resolved to repair to Paris—that great furnace of all bold ideas. I questioned learned formalists; I listened to audacious empirics. The first, with all their boasted knowledge, were too timid to concede my premises; the second, with all their speculative daring, too knavish to let me trust to their conclusions. I found but one man, a Sicilian, who comprehended the secrets that are called occult, and had the courage to meet Nature and all her agencies face to face. He believed, and sincerely, that he was approaching the grand result, at the very moment when he perished from want of the common precautions which a tyro in chemistry would have taken. At his death the gaudy city became hateful; all its pretended pleasures only served to exhaust life the faster. The true joys of youth are those of the wild bird and wild brute in the healthful enjoyment of Nature. In cities, youth is but old age with a varnish. I fled to the East; I passed through the tents of the Arabs; I was guided—no matter by whom or by what—to the house of a Dervish, who had had for his teacher the most erudite master of secrets occult, whom I knew years ago at Aleppo— Why that exclamation?"

"Proceed. What I have to say will come later."

"From this Dervish I half forced and half purchased the secret I sought to obtain. I now know from what peculiar substance the so-called elixir of life is extracted; I know also the steps of the process through which that task is accomplished. You smile incredulously? What is your doubt? State it while I rest for a moment. My breath labors; give me more of the cordial."

"Need I tell you my doubt? You have, you say, at your command the elixir of life of which Cagliostro did not leave his disciples the recipe; and you stretch out your hand for a vulgar cordial which any village chemist could give you!"

"I can explain this apparent contradiction. The process by which the elixir is extracted from the material which hoards its essence is one that requires a hardihood of courage which few possess. This Dervish, who had passed through that process once, was deaf to all prayer, and unmoved by all bribes, to attempt it again. He was poor, for the secret by which metals may be transmuted is not, as the old alchemists seem to imply, identical with that by which the elixir of life is extracted. He had only been enabled to discover, in the niggard strata of the lands within range of his travel, a few scanty morsels of the glorious substance. From these he had extracted scarcely enough of the elixir to fill a third of that little glass which I have just drained. He guarded every drop for himself. Who that holds healthful life as the one boon above all price to the living, would waste upon others what prolongs and recruits his own being? Therefore, though he sold me his secret he would not sell me his treasure."

"Any quack may sell you the information how to make not only an elixir, but a sun and a moon, and then scare you from the experiment by tales of the danger of trying it! How do you know that this essence which the Dervish possessed was the elixir of life, since it seems you have not tried on yourself what effect its precious drops could produce? Poor wretch! who once seemed to me so awfully potent, do you come to the Antipodes in search of a drug that only exists in the fables by which a child is amused?"

"The elixir of life is no fable," cried Margrave, with a kindling of eye, a power of voice, a dilation of form that startled me in one just before so feeble. "That elixir was bright in my veins when we last met. From that golden draught of the life-spring of joy I took all that can gladden creation. What sage would not have exchanged his wearisome knowledge for my lusty revels with Nature? What monarch would not have bartered his crown, with its brain-ache of care, for the radiance that circled my brows, flashing out from the light that was in me? Oh again, oh again, to enjoy the freedom of air with the bird, and the glow of the sun with the lizard; to sport through the blooms of the earth, Nature's playmate and darling; to face, in the forest and desert, the pard and the lion—Nature's bravest and fiercest—her first-born, the heir of her realm, with the rest of her children for slaves!"

As these words burst from his lips there was a wild grandeur in the aspect of this enigmatical being which I had never beheld in the former time of his affluent, dazzling youth. And indeed in his language, and in the thoughts it clothed, there was an earnestness, a concentration, a directness, a purpose, which had seemed wanting to his desultory talk in the earlier days. I expected that reaction of languor and exhaustion would follow his vehement outbreak of passion; but after a short pause he went on with steady accents. His will was sustaining his strength. He was determined to force his convictions on me, and the vitality, once so rich, rallied all its lingering forces to the aid of his intense desire.

"I tell you then," he resumed, with deliberate calmness, "that, years ago, I tested in my own person that essence which is the sovereign medicament. In me, as you saw me at L——, you beheld the proof of its virtues. Feeble and ill as I am now, my state was incalculably more hopeless when formerly restored by the elixir. He from whom I then took the sublime restorative died without revealing the secret of its composition. What I obtained was only just sufficient to recruit the lamp of my life, then dying down—and no drop was left for renewing the light which wastes its own rays in the air that it gilds. Though the Dervish would not sell me his treasure, he permitted me to see it. The appearance and odor of this essence are strangely peculiar—unmistakable by one who has once beheld and partaken of it. In short, I recognized in the hands of the Dervish the bright life-renewer, as I had borne it away from the corpse of the Sage of Aleppo."

"Hold! Are you then in truth the murderer of Haroun, and is your true name Louis Grayle?"

"I am no murderer, and Louis Grayle did not leave me his name. I again adjure you to

postpone, for this night at least, the questions you wish to address to me.

"Seeing that this obstinate pauper possessed that for which the pale owners of millions, at the first touch of palsy or gout, would consent to be paupers, of course I coveted the possession of the essence even more than the knowledge of the substance from which it is extracted. I had no coward fear of the experiment, which this timid driveler had not the nerve to renew. But still the experiment might fail. I must traverse land and sea to find the fit place for it. While in the rags of the Dervish, the unfailing result of the experiment was at hand. The Dervish suspected my design—he dreaded my power. He fled on the very night in which I had meant to seize what he refused to sell me. After all, I should have done him no great wrong; for I should have left him wealth enough to transport himself to any soil in which the material for the elixir may be most abundant, and the desire of life would have given his shrinking nerves the courage to replenish its ravished store. I had Arabs in my pay, who obeyed me as hounds their master. I chased the fugitive. I came on his track, reached a house in a miserable village, in which, I was told, he had entered but an hour before. The day was declining: the light in the room imperfect. I saw in a corner what seemed to me the form of the Dervish—stooped to seize it, and my hand closed on an asp. The artful Dervish had so piled his rags that they took the shape of the form they had clothed, and he had left, as a substitute for the giver of life, the venomous reptile of death.

"The strength of my system enabled me to survive the effect of the poison; but during the torpor that numbed me my Arabs, alarmed, gave no chase to my quarry. At last, though enfeebled and languid, I was again on my horse; again the pursuit—again the track! I learned—but this time by a knowledge surer than man's—that the Dervish had taken his refuge in a hamlet that had sprung up over the site of a city once famed through Assyria. The same voice that informed me of his whereabout warned me not to pursue. I rejected the warning. In my eager impatience I sprang on to the chase; in my fearless resolve I felt sure of the prey. I arrived at the hamlet wearied out, for my forces were no longer the same since the bite of the asp. The Dervish eluded me still; he had left the floors, on which I sank exhausted, but a few minutes before my horse stopped at the door. The carpet on which he had rested still lay on the ground. I dismissed the youngest and keenest of my troop in search of the fugitive. Sure that this time he would not escape, my eyes closed in sleep.

"How long I slept I know not—a long dream of solitude, fever, and anguish. Was it the curse of the Dervish's carpet? Was it a taint in the walls of the house, or of the air, which broods sickly and rank over places where cities lie buried? I know not; but the Pest of the East had seized me in slumber. When my senses recovered I found myself alone, plundered of my arms, despoiled of such gold as I had carried about me. All had deserted and left me, as the living leave the dead whom the Plague has claimed for its own. As soon as I could stand I crawled from the threshold. The moment my voice was heard, my face seen, the whole squalid populace rose as on a wild beast—a mad dog. I was driven from the place with imprecations and stones, as a miscreant whom the Plague had overtaken, while plotting the death of a holy man. Bruised and bleeding, but still defying, I turned in wrath on that dastardly rabble; they slunk away from my path. I knew the land for miles around. I had been in that land years, long years, ago. I came at last to the road which the caravans take on their way to Damascus. There I was found, speechless and seemingly lifeless, by some European travelers. Conveyed to Damascus, I languished there some weeks between life and death. But for the virtue of that essence, which lingered yet in my veins, I could not have survived—even thus feeble and shattered. I need not say that I now abandoned all thought of discovering the Dervish. I had at least his secret, if I had failed of the paltry supply he had drawn from its uses. Such appliances as he had told me were needful are procured in the East with more ease than in Europe. To sum up, I am here—instructed in all the knowledge, and supplied with all the aids, which warrant me in saying, 'Do you care for new life in its richest enjoyments, if not for yourself, for one whom you love, and would reprieve from the grave?' Then share with me in a task that a single night will accomplish, and ravish a prize by which the life that you value the most will be saved from the dust and the worm, to live on, ever young, ever blooming, while each infant—new-born while I speak—shall have passed to the grave. Nay, where is the limit to life while the earth hides the substance by which life is renewed?"

I give, as faithfully as I can recall them, the words in which Margrave addressed me. But who can guess by cold words transcribed, even were they artfully ranged by a master of languages, the effect words produce when warm from the breath of the speaker? Ask one of an audience which some orator held enthralled why his words do not quicken a beat in the reader's pulse, and the answer of one who had listened will be, "The words took their charm from the voice and the eye, the aspect, the manner, the man!" So it was with the incomprehensible being before me. Though his youth was faded, though his beauty was dimmed, though my fancies clothed him with memories of abhorrent dread, though my reason opposed his audacious beliefs and assumptions, still he charmed and spell-bound me; still he was the mystical Fascinator; still, if the legends of magic had truth for their basis, he was the *born magician;* as genius, in what calling soever, *is* born with the gift to enchant and subdue us.

Constraining myself to answer calmly, I said, "You have told me your story; you have defined the object of the experiment in which you ask me to aid. You do right to bid me postpone my replies or my questions. Seek to recruit by sleep the strength you have so sorely tasked. To-morrow—"

"To-morrow, ere night, you will decide whether the man whom out of all earth I have selected to aid me shall be the foe to condemn me to perish! I tell you plainly I need your aid, and your prompt aid. Three days from this and all aid will be too late!"

I had already gained the door of the room, when he called to me to come back.

"You do not live in this hut, but with your family yonder. Do not tell them that I am here; let no one but yourself see me as I now am. Lock the door of the hut when you quit it. I should not close my eyes if I were not secure from intruders."

"There is but one in my house, or in these parts, whom I would except from the interdict you impose. You are aware of your own imminent danger; the life which you believe the discovery of a Dervish will indefinitely prolong seems to my eye of physician to hang on a thread. I have already formed my own conjecture as to the nature of the disease that enfeebles you. But I would fain compare that conjecture with the weightier opinion of one whose experience and skill are superior to mine. Permit me, then, when I return to you to-morrow, to bring with me the great physician to whom I refer. His name will not, perhaps, be unknown to you. I speak of Julius Faber."

"A physician of the schools! I can guess well enough how learnedly he would prate, and how little he could do. But I will not object to his visit, if it satisfies you that, since I should die under the hands of the doctors, I may be permitted to indulge my own whim in placing my hopes in a Dervish. Yet stay. You have, doubtless, spoken of me to this Julius Faber, your fellow-physician and friend? Promise me, if you bring him here, that you will not name me, that you will not repeat to him the tale I have told you, or the hope which has led me to these shores. What I have told to you, no matter whether at this moment you consider me the dupe of a chimera, is still under the seal of the confidence which a patient reposes in the physician he himself selects for his confidant. I select you, and not Julius Faber!"

"Be it as you will," said I, after a moment's reflection. "The moment you make yourself my patient I am bound to consider what is best for you. And you may more respect and profit by an opinion based upon your purely physical condition than by one in which you might suppose the advice was directed rather to the disease of the mind than to that of the body."

"How amazed and indignant your brother physician will be if he ever see me a second time! How learnedly he will prove that, according to all correct principles of science and nature, I ought to be dead!"

He uttered this jest with a faint, dreary echo of his old merry, melodious laugh, then turned his face to the wall; and so I left him to repose.

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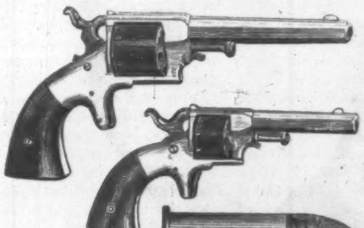

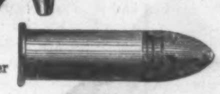

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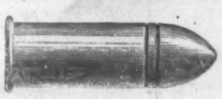

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